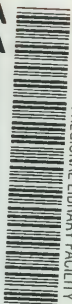


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THE
BURIED BRIDE,

&c.

THE

BURIED BRIDE,

&c.

“ Esc nombre de poeta muy pocos le merecen y asi
“ no lo soy, sino aficionado á la poesia.”

SERVANTES.

London :

SIMPKIN, MARSHALL, AND Co. STATIONERS' HALL COURT;

AND

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The plot of the "BURIED BRIDE" is borrowed from Domenico Maria Manni's Novel, "La Sepolta Viva."

In the original, Ginevra's Trance is described as having taken place some months after her marriage, instead of on her wedding-day.

The Scene is laid at Florence, A. D. 1400, at which period the plague was raging in Italy.

“ In questa forma
“ Passa la bella donna, e par che dorma.”
TASSO.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

AMIERI.

SIGNORA AMIERI.

GINEVRA, their Daughter.

FRANCESCO AGOLANTI.

ANTONIO RONDINELLI.

SIGNORA RONDINELLI.

GINEVRA'S UNCLE.

BIANCA.

MONK.

PRIEST, SERVANTS, &c.

THE
BURIED BRIDE.

A Room in Amieri's House.

AMIERI, SIGNORA AMIERI, AND GINEVRA.

GINEVRA.

O FATHER, dearest Father, pity me !
This sacrifice will cost thy Daughter's life.

AMIERI.

There is more life in that young heart, my child.
Come, come, 'tis childish folly thus to talk.
One week, as Agolanti's wife, will cure
These fancies, and Antonio be forgot.

GINEVRA.

Believe it not, my Father.

AMIERI.

Nay, I say
It will be so. Francesco loves thee well.
Hath he not made thy name thro' Florence fam'd ?
Upon the Corso, at the crowded ball,

Thou art the first he ever notices :
 No other Lady's hand is sought by him,
 To join the graceful dance, when thou art there ;
 The fairest features scarce he seems to mark,
 Or coldly glances on, if in thy presence.
 He ever seems to think it were to show
 A want of due devotion to thy worth,
 Aught that doth not belong to thee to praise.

GINEVRA.

True love is silent, and unostentatious ;
 Antonio never made my worthless name
 A common saying in the mouths of men,
 He would have shrunk from hearing it so used.
 He never held me up to public gaze
 By shows of homage where the world looked on,
 Nor sought to win my favour by neglect
 Of the sweet courtesies of life towards others.
 I knew I was the first in his affection,
 Tho' in the acts of ceremony last.
 He never made the world his confidant :
 I knew his love, and was not that enough ?
 My heart enables me to judge of his,
 Which well I know even now, unchanged, would meet
 The darkest shape adversity presents,
 When she would prove the constancy of man.

AMIERI.

Madonna ! I can scarce contain myself,
 To hear such nice distinctions. But I see
 Antonio Rondinelli has contrived,

So to bewitch thy silly and romantic heart,
 That, for the present, reason is unheard :
 Be thankful that a wiser head selects,
 For thy espousals, one whose character
 Is good ;—his rank not meaner than thine own ;
 Wealthy and handsome ; one, in all respects,
 An union formed with whom might satisfy
 The fairest and the proudest maid in Florence.

GINEVRA.

Not if she lov'd another, worthier far.
 I care not for his wealth ; his beauty, rank,
 Are valueless to me,—I love him not.
 Antonio is not rich—but what of that ?
 He has enough, and thou, my father, know'st,
 My wishes ever have been moderate.

AMIERI.

And, therefore, will I not permit thee thus,
 By estimating thine own worth too low,
 To cast away a brighter destiny,
 And choose a fate beneath thy high desert ;
 Let Rondinelli seek some other maid,
 For whom his little is enough,—my Girl,
 My darling Child, is worthy of a throne.

GINEVRA.

O, my fond Father, say not so ! for me
 There were no happiness upon a throne—
 No joy in any lot, by love unblest.
 When to this union I would force my heart,
 I feel that in the effort it must break.

AMIERI.

I like not thy Antonio, say no more.
 My wholesome firmness now, which seems so harsh,
 Will one day be recalled with gratitude,
 To-morrow sees thee Agolanti's wife.

GINEVRA.

No Father, no. It is impossible—
 It is not yet too late; if Agolanti
 Covets the dow'r thou should'st bestow on me,
 His be it, Father—but let me be free.
 I will not ask to be Antonio's wife,
 If that displeases thee—but let me go,
 And in some peaceful Convent pass my days!
 Is this too much? O, Mother! speak for me.

AMIERI.

She shall not speak, 'twere vain; thou know'st my
 will—
 To-morrow sees thee wed Francesco.

GINEVRA.

Think,
 Even now, the air we breathe is fill'd
 With pestilence, and tho' it lingers, yet
 How can we hope a scourge so terrible,
 Which spreading desolation thro' the land,
 Has fill'd each city in our neighbourhood
 With misery and death, should pass us by?
 Wait but until this judgement be o'erpast.

SIGNORA AMIERI.

Good Husband! she speaks well, I pray thee list
 To what she says, for much I fear, the wrath
 Of Heav'n would follow such an act as this.
 Truly, no blessing ever could attend
 An union so contracted. We, as yet,
 Remain uninjured by the fearful plague,
 Which preys on all around. Methinks it were
 To call a punishment upon our want
 Of feeling.

AMIERI.

Nay, thou'rt superstitious, Wife.
 This matter has already been delay'd
 Beyond the fitting time; my word is passed
 To Agolanti. Should I now retract,
 My stainless honour would receive a blot.
 Ginevra, be prepared. To-morrow morn,
 The priest must hear thee pledge thy marriage vow.

GINEVRA.

Sir, tho' it cost my life, I will obey,
 Yet grant me one indulgence. Let me see
 Antonio once again, to say farewell,
 I would not other lips should tell him this.

AMIERI.

Thou hast my leave, if thou wilt have it so,
 And yet methinks 'twill only give thee pain.

GINEVRA.

I thank thee for this boon.

AMIERI.

My own Ginevra,
 I knew thou would'st not long the rebel play.
 My Girl shall be the richest Wife in Florence ;
 Nor shall the Bridegroom all the wealth supply,
 Thy dower shall be worthy of thyself.
 This match will make thee too thy Uncle's heir.
 Come, Wife, we'll let him know the pleasing news.

SIGNORA AMIERI.

Farewell, Ginevra, for a while. May Saints
 And Angels be with thee till I return !
 (*Exeunt.*)

GINEVRA—(Sola)

Now then is hope extinct within my heart,
 And on my future days no light must gleam,
 Save that, the lambent flame of memory gives ;
 Which, like the moonlight on some shatter'd pile,
 But shows the ruin kinder darkness hid.
 How limited are now my views of life,
 A hopeless future—present agony—
 A happy past, indeed,—but it is past !
 Oh ! what a leaden weight is on my heart,
 I feel as if the hand of death were there.

Amieri's Garden.

ANTONIO AND GINEVRA.

ANTONIO.

And so must end affection kept for years,
 Tried, and unchangeable? There is a time,
 When even a Father may exact too much
 Obedience, for a duteous Child to yield,
 Without the sacrifice of ev'ry hope.
 When parents become tyrants, 'tis their crime
 If children grow rebellious. O Ginevra!
 If in thy heart there dwelt such faithful love,
 As I can never cease to feel for thee,
 Thou could'st not rend my heart, as now thou dost,
 To gratify a Father's avarice.

GINEVRA.

Unkind Antonio! am I turn'd to stone?
 'That I should be insensible to this—
 Think'st thou there is not agony enough
 Within this tortur'd breast, that thou would'st strive
 To add another pang to those I feel?
 I look'd for aid, not hinderance from thee,
 In the rough path my duty bids me tread.
 He was my Father, 'ere my love was thine,

And never yet was harsh or stern till now.
 Think'st thou the Woman who could break the bonds,
 Which nature and affection have entwined
 Around a Daughter's heart, is like to be
 Deserving of a good Man's confidence?
 The love and duty we to parents owe,
 Were born with us—have grown with us—should die
 But when the spirit leaves the mortal frame:
 They are the stamp of heaven upon our hearts,
 And never, never, ought to be erased.
 Reproach me not, Antonio! Let thy voice
 Speak comfort to me, for the last—last time!

ANTONIO.

I have no consolation to bestow:
 No patience to endure a blow like this!

GINEVRA.

Antonio, I have nerv'd my heart for this,
 For I would not unworthy seem to be,
 Of the inestimable blessing of thy love.
 Farewell! Heav'n's choicest blessings be thy share,
 Be happy and forget me if thou canst!

ANTONIO.

Forget thee, O Ginevra!—no:—thou ask'st
 A thing impossible. My only gleam
 Of comfort, thro' my future days, will be
 In nourishing the memory of thee,
 By making it the business of my life
 To learn where'er thou goest, and to be there,

Like an unquiet spirit, near thy steps,
 In lone despair, still hovering, without
 Pleasure or occupation, save to note
 Each look, to catch each murmur of that voice,
 Whose tones no more must be address'd to me.

GINEVRA.

Antonio, if thou lov'st—hast ever loved me,
 Promise, oh! swear that thou wilt not do so.
 Too dark, too dark, will be my dreary fate;
 Too strongly on my mind will dwell the thought,
 Of all thy proved affection, all thy grief;
 Too hard will be the task to school myself,
 To patient resignation to my fate,
 To bear the conflict, which must wring my heart,
 If daily, hourly, forced to look on thee;
 Vain are thy projects, vain my fears—I feel
 I cannot live as Agolanti's wife!
 The conflict is too strong; ev'n now the hand
 Of death is on my heart,—'tis turn'd to stone.
 Leave me, Antonio—let us not prolong
 An hour so fraught with agony as this.

ANTONIO.

And canst thou coldly bid me leave thee thus?
 Leave thee, to meet thee never more on earth.

GINEVRA.

The effort then be mine, farewell!—farewell!

(Exit.)

A Room in Amieri's House.

AMIERI AND HIS WIFE.

SIGNORA AMIERI.

Be not displeased with me, for in good sooth
 I cannot bear a part in your rejoicing.
 I know not wherefore, but my heart forebodes
 Somewhat of ill this day ; I cannot look
 Upon this wealthy marriage as thou dost.
 The Maid's reluctance is so strongly shown ;
 And though, as ever duteous, she obeys,
 There is a change upon my Darling's face,
 That terrifies a Mother's heart.

AMIERI.

Good Wife,
 Both thou and I, already have too much
 Indulged Ginevra's every wish,^a and now,
 Perchance, she thinks it strange we should oppose her.
 I own she has deserved our tenderness.
 This match is for her good. She will 'ere long
 Acknowledge that our judgement was the best.

SIGNORA AMIERI.

There lies the doubt that agitates my heart.
 Among the youth of Florence, lives there none
 More noted for high qualities of mind
 And heart, for excellence in every art
 Becoming to a gentleman, than him
 On whom Ginevra's love is fixed. 'Tis true
 He is not rich, but his deficiency,
 In fortune's gifts, amounts, not yet, to poverty :
 He has enough. Francesco, on the other hand,
 Tho' wealthy, far beyond Ginevra's wish,
 And bearing an unspotted name, has yet,
 I fear, but little in his character,
 To change what was unmix'd dislike, to love.
 Selfish, his disposition seems to be, and cold.

AMIERI.

Beware, lest I suppose that to thy care
 I owe my Child's unwonted disobedience.
 On this I am determined, and more words
 Expended on the subject, may o'ercome
 The patience which it is my wish to keep.

SIGNORA AMIERI.

Forgive me, Husband—I will say no more.

Enter GINEVRA'S UNCLE, FRANCESCO, AND FRIENDS.

AMIERI.

Thrice welcome, Son-in-law ! How far'st thou, Brother.

UNCLE.

Not ill, my Brother, tho' I have heard news
That much afflict my heart ; know'st thou our friend,
Both thine and mine, from childhood's days till now,—
Bertini died last evening, of the plague,
Which rages in the quarter where he dwells ;
Still distant from our own, but having found
An entrance to the city, who can say
How soon it shall be here ?

AMIERI.

Bertini dead !

Now were it not my Daughter's wedding-day,
I could sit down and weep ! but let's forget
This, and all other cares,—at least to-day.

UNCLE.

True, 'tis a day of happiness to all.
Thou know'st the Girl has ever been to me,
Ev'n as a fav'rite Child ; in proof whereof
Take thou this deed, drawn up in legal form,
Which calls her heir to every thing I have.

AMIERI.

Thanks, generous Brother.

FRANCESCO.

Sir, for her
Whom, 'ere another hour is past, I hope
To call mine own, as for myself, I owe
Thee gratitude for this so lib'ral act.

(To Amieri.)

But, Sir, why stays my gentle Bride ?

AMIERI.

She comes.

Go, Wife, and tell the Girl the Bridegroom waits.

(Signora Amieri goes out.)

AMIERI.

Go thou, Francesco, forward to the church,
There will we follow thee immediately.

(Exeunt Francesco and Friends.)

RE-ENTER SIGNORA AMIERI AND GINEVRA.

UNCLE.

My sweet Ginevra ! how dost thou, my Girl ?

GINEVRA.

Well, my kind Uncle !

UNCLE.

Nay, thy cheek is pale,
How comes it so ? There should be blushes there.

AMIERI.

Heed it not, Brother ! It is never red.

(To Ginevra.)

All is prepared, the Bridegroom waits ev'n now ;
'Tis time we should go forward to the church.

GINEVRA.

Sir, I am ready.

UNCLE.

Soft, there's time enough.

I'll lead my pretty Niece :—give me your hand.
How cold it is !

GINEVRA.

The day methinks is chill.

(Exeunt.)

Francesco's House.

FRANCESCO, GINEVRA, SIGNOR AND SIGNORA
AMIERI, UNCLE, BIANCA, AND SERVANTS.

FRANCESCO.

Welcome, Ginevra, to your Husband's house ;
Now yours as well as his, here reign supreme !
My servants are assembled here, to meet
And give a welcome to their Master's Wife.

(To the Servants.)

Behold your Mistress ! she is as myself,
As such, I will you yield her due respect.

SERVANTS.

Welcome, fair Lady ! Heaven give thee joy.

BIANCA.

How far'st thou, gentle Mistress ?

GINEVRA.—*(Apart.)*

The earth seems heaving underneath my feet,
And the firm building tottering as 'twould fall,
Or is the strange sensation in myself ?
My frame seems shatter'd by some stroke unseen.

BIANCA.

She heeds me not, and like the dead she looks !
Signor !—Sweet Lady !—Saints ! she sure will swoon !

FRANCESCO.

And now, good Friends and Guests, I pray you sit,
Let mirth and gay festivity preside.
'This day, at least, we triumph o'er the plague ;
We are the favoured, uninfected few,
Who, ev'n within the circle of his power,
Can meet together, still in health and joy.
Come, then, let's banish ev'ry thought of care,
And give ourselves to pleasure unrestrain'd !

*(They place themselves at table,
Ginevra remains standing.)*

FRANCESCO.—(*Approaching her.*)

Come, my fair Bride ! we wait for you.

GINEVRA.—(*Without noticing him.*)

'Tis death !

I feel it creeping into every vein !
My heart foreboded this, yet scarce so soon.

FRANCESCO.

Ginevra !—ah ! she heeds me not ! she faints.

(The Guests rise hastily.)

GINEVRA.

Where is my Mother ?

SIGNORA AMIERI.

Here, my Child !

GINEVRA.

Mother,

Upon thy bosom let me yield my life !
 Where first I drew my breath, I fain would spend
 My latest sigh ! Where first I joy'd in light,
 I would for ever close my aching eyes.
 Thy face, the first that fixed my infant gaze,
 Shall be the last my dying glance shall seek ;
 And those soft accents, which first pleased my ear,
 Shall seem like Angels' chorusses in Heav'n,
 And sooth my parting spirit in its flight.

SIGNORA AMIERI.

My Child ! my Child ! O Husband, you have kill'd her.

GINEVRA.

My dearest Mother ! you were never harsh.
 Where, where are you ? Alas ! I feel you not.

SIGNORA AMIERI.

My Child, I still support you in my arms.

GINEVRA.

Speak louder, for I scarce can hear your voice !
 And now I see you not. All, all is dark !

FRANCESCO.

It cannot be, that she who was my Bride,
 My living Bride,—one little hour ago,

Should be already dead ! Haste, call a Leech !
 Delay not, or his aid may come too late.
 Alas ! her hand is chill ! I feel no pulse ;
 Yet now, methinks it flutters 'neath my touch ;
 Is there not colour in her cheek ?

AMIERI.

Alas !

It is as fair and cold as winter's snow.
 My Child ! my own Ginevra ! O my Child !

SIGNORA AMIERI.

O Amieri ! I foreboded this !
 Said I not, Heav'n would ne'er a blessing give ?
 Prophetic words !

AMIERI.

True, true, but spare me now !

(Enter a Servant with a Monk.)

SERVANT.

I met this holy Father in the street,
 Upon his charitable way, to tend
 The plague-struck sick ; and I have brought him in.
 See, reverend Father ! here my Lady lies.

MONK.

Alas ! how sad a sight mine eyes behold !

FRANCESCO.

O Father ! tell me, quickly, is she dead ?

MONK.

Her hands are cold, her cheek is pale and damp,
 Her heart denotes not, by a single throb,
 That life is still a captive in its cell.
 This mirror, that I hold before her lips,
 Is as unclouded as her marble brow,
 Heaven comfort thee, poor Youth, for she is dead !

FRANCESCO.

Alas ! Antonio, now thou art avenged !

MONK.

How happen'd this ? had she been ill before ?

AMIERI.

No : it was sudden as the lightning's flash,
 Death did no more disturb her tranquil brow,
 Than does the swallow's wing the glassy lake,
 Which scarcely ruffled, settles soon again,
 With Heav'n reflected on its smooth expanse,
 Across her placid features passed a cloud,
 Which seem'd the shadow of an Angel's wing,
 Sent to conduct her spirit to the skies ;
 And then, Heav'n's light beamed on them as you see !

MONK.

Not oft does Death so mild a semblance wear ;
 Repine not then, although your grief be great,
 He rides, a conqueror thro' the guilty land,
 Clad in such terrors, as may well appal,

Even those who in the battle field have rush'd,
 With dauntless heart, to meet his dread embrace.
 Be then resign'd ! for she was fair and good,
 A fitter tenant of the skies than earth.
 Rather rejoice that she has 'scaped the pangs,
 Which righteous Heav'n perchance prepares for you.

FRANCESCO.

Silence ! nor talk of resignation ! thou
 Who ne'er hast felt the anguish I endure !
 If thou would'st give me comfort,—give her life !
 She cannot yet be dead ! 'tis but a swoon ;
 Use all thy skill, restore her to these arms,
 My warmest prayers and blessings shall be thine.
 If not—begone ! and leave us to our grief !

MONK.

Tho' rude thy words, I can forgive them now ;
 For sorrow hath distracted thee ! no skill
 Of man can aught avail to raise the dead.
 Taunt me not, then, with not possessing that,
 Which none possess ! Oh ! would that my poor life
 Could be accepted in the place of her's :
 So much I mourn your separation here,
 Ev'n in the hour of happiness !

BIANCA.—(*Weeping.*)

Good Father, 'twas not happiness to her,
 My Lady hated him, and died of grief,
 At being forced to wed against her will.

Oft did she say that she had rather die,
 Than marry any but the man she loved :
 And she has had her wish ! Upon her knees,
 She pray'd her cruel Father not to force
 Her to this union—but his punishment is come,
 Not undeserved.

MONK

Hush, Daughter, hush !
 I praise thy warm attachment to the dead,—
 Let not thy zeal for her, the living wound !
 (*To Amieri.*)
 Say, if this tale be true ?

AMIERI.

Alas ! too true !
 She loved another, but my word was pledged
 To this poor Youth ! and she became his Wife.

MONK.

In this you have erred widely ! to prevent
 Her wedding one, whom you could not approve,
 Was your undoubted right : but not to force
 Her to an union that her heart abhorred.
 Repair your fault by resignation now.

AMIERI.

Father, I am resign'd :—but when Heav'n sends
 Calamity,—indifference I deem
 Impiety.—I mourn while I submit.

MONK.

'Tis well:—and now 'twere wise to leave this house.
Lead hence the widow'd Husband, soothe his grief,
It is too violent, long to endure :
'The silent tearless woe is that which kills.
I will see all the needful rites perform'd.
'To-day, indulge regret uninterrupted ;
Yet not too much—for sorrow, viperlike,
Upon the heart that cherishes it, preys.

The Vault of the Amieri Family.

A faint gleam of Moonlight appears through the broken Wall.

Ginevra stretched on a Bier, strewed with Flowers. She
revives by degrees.

GINEVRA.

The air is chill :—Antonio, where art thou ?
Not oft thou mak'st me wait thy coming thus.
Slumber has crept upon me in the garden,
And I have dream'd that I was married,—ha !
Was it, indeed, a dream ? and have I slept ?
Where—where am I ? Is this my Father's garden ?
'Tis cold, and yet I do not feel the wind,
Fanning my garments with its viewless wing.
The heavy sky seems pressing on my brow.
Surely the night is darker than 'twas wont,
When I have wander'd with Antonio here.
Antonio ! Woe is me !—Now I remember all,—
This is my wedding-day—Francesco's Wife !
Where are my Parents ? Where the bridal throng,
That were but now around me ?—They are gone !
And I am left in fearful solitude.

Strange horror creeps upon me—where am I ?
 Why stretch'd so powerless to help myself,
 Beneath this weight of darkness overwhelm'd ?
 Why so abandon'd by all those I love ?
 Abandon'd too by him, who did profess
 Such passionate affection, though unloved !
 A damp and heavy odour, mingles with
 A perfume of sweet flowers that breathe of life ;
 This is no bridal robe, that clings so close,
 Fettering my languid limbs—it is a shroud !
 Then I am dead,—and this, indeed, a tomb !
 But whence this consciousness of being, still
 Retained within the perishable frame,
 When the immortal spirit has departed ?
 And thou, O Memory ! who might'st poison Heav'n,
 Hast thou the power to torture in the grave ?
 How terrible it is to die,—beyond
 All that imagination ever dreamed !
 What sickening horrors crowd upon my mind !
 Must I the progress of corruption watch,—
 Feel the worm feed upon my loathing frame,
 And know myself the fearful thing, which Death,
 'Ere long, must make me ?

* * * * *

* * * * *

Sins forgotten long,
 Transgressions, scarcely noticed in their time :
 Duties neglected, or fulfilled but half,

A host of terrible accusers rise,
 And press my trembling soul on ev'ry side.
 Sure this must be that place of punishment,
 In which the sin-stained suffer after death !
 What thoughts of terror and dismay, the power
 Of Fancy conjures up ! Alas ! I rave !
 I am not dead, but living in the tomb !
 Abandon'd here alone, to meet a fate,
 Which but to think upon is to be mad !
 Ev'n now, strange light seems glancing on my sight.—
 A glare, reflected from the kindling fire
 Of frenzy, flashing thro' my fear-struck brain,
 Presents a ghastly object to my view.—
 It is no vision of insanity !
 It is a stream of real light, that rests
 Upon that awful brow, as though it mocked
 The orbless rings whose inward light is fled.
 O Heaven, I thank thee ! 'tis the moon, whose beams
 Find entrance to this place of horror, through
 Some fissure in the old and broken wall.
 There, where the masonry is weak, I may
 Displace the stones, and so escape from hence.

(Displaces the stones.)

I will not look around, lest overcome
 With horror, at the objects which I know
 Must meet my view, I lose the pow'r to leave
 This fearful dwelling of the ghastly dead.
 Alas ! I am so feeble, that I feel,

'Ere long, I shall again be hither borne.
Yet once again I may behold Antonio.
Alas ! my duty points another way,
My Husband's house is now my fittest home.—
Then I will lay me down and perish here !

(Turning back.)

And yet to linger here, for many hours,
Perchance for days, among the fearful dead !

(Hurrying up the steps.)

I know my duty, and it must be done,
Kind Heaven support me in the painful task.

The Street before Agolanti's House.

ENTER GINEVRA.

GINEVRA.

This is the spot, too well I know the house !
 The sight of it to-day a death stroke seemed.
 How do my wishes struggle with my wants,
 And bid me stretch myself upon the earth,
 And rather perish there, than succour ask.
 It must be so, while yet I have the power.

(*Knocks.*)

He will rejoice to see me still alive !
 And I, ungrateful, cannot share his joy.
 How shall I bear his tenderness and love,
 When I can only heartless thanks return ?

(*Enter a Servant from the House.*)

SERVANT.

Who knocked ? The moon is hid behind a cloud,
 I cannot see my hand. Who's there I say ?

GINEVRA.

Your Mistress, Signor Agolanti's Wife.

SERVANT.

Fool ! neither time nor subject suit such jests,
 My Lady died to-day ; (Heav'n rest her soul !)
 And has some hours been quiet in her tomb.
 And yonder sits my Master by the fire,
 'Thinking upon his loss : he will not eat,
 Ner rouse himself to go to rest, but leans
 His head upon his hands ; nor sheds a tear,
 But looks upon the fire, with steadfast gaze,
 As tho' he knew not what he look'd upon.

GINEVRA.

Good Fellow, let me in, before I die !
 I am, indeed, (woe's me,) your Master's Wife.

SERVANT.

The Saints ! 'tis like, indeed, my Lady's voice.
 O holy Virgin keep us ! Master ! help !

GINEVRA.

Alas ! have I, indeed, this day been wed ?
 And is this one of those, who but this morn,
 With shouts received me as their Master's Wife ?
 Did ever Bride so weak and shivering stand,
 'To beg admittance to her Husband's house ?

(Enter Francesco, with a light.)

FRANCESCO.

What means this clamour, at a time like this ?

GINEVRA.—(*Advancing.*)

Husband!

FRANCESCO.

Just Heav'n! then it is true what some have said,
That the sepulchred dead can leave the tomb,
And walk the earth to terrify the living.
Avaunt! avaunt! I will not look upon thee!

(*Covering his eyes.*)

What horror seizes on my trembling frame!
Fain would I go, but yet seem rooted here.

GINEVRA.

I am thy Wife, Francesco, spurn me not!
When I avoided thee, thou didst pursue,
This morning I could even have rejoiced,
To see myself abhorred, repulsed by thee
As now I am! But then, despite of all
My known reluctance, thou didst persevere.
And though thy love may be already cold,
I have a claim to shelter in thy house;
This I demand,—it may not be for long!

FRANCESCO.

Begone! begone! I married not the dead.
Say if there's aught can pleasure thee on earth,
It shall be done!—only in pity go!
If prayers and masses can afford thee rest,
They shall be yearly, daily, hourly said;—
Only, in mercy, leave me, leave me now,

Before my horror into madness turns !
By every sacred name, I bid thee go !

GINEVRA.

Yes, trembling Dastard ! I will get me hence,
And whether now to live or die be mine,
I bless the seeming death which shows thee thus,
Releasing me for ever from thy power !

(Exit.)

FRANCESCO.—*(Slowly uncovering his eyes.)*

Gone !—is she gone ?—O Heav'n, I thank thee !

(Rushes into the house.)

A Terrace in front of Amieri's House.

AMIERI.

A veil of clouds is o'er the city east,
 And Silence on the Darkness sits enthroned.
 As the moon's light, (which now seems quench'd
 in tears,)
 Beam'd not five minutes past, my peaceful joy
 Shone without dazzling ; for no sunshine cheers
 The old ; their utmost happiness is but
 The pale reflection of that light which shed
 Its noon-day lustre o'er their early years.
 The waning moon, 'ere long, will wax again,
 And hold her silver mirror to the sun ;—
 No joy my starless night must ever cheer.
 This morn my aged heart was full of hope,
 That I should see my youth renewed again,
 In her's who now is laid within the tomb.
 My Child !—my Child !—Far better had it been,
 If to Antonio I had given thee,
 Than thus to mourn for thy untimely death.
 Stung by remorse, I fly my wretched home,
 To madness, by a Mother's anguish roused,—
 A Mother childless made by me—by me !
 Yet even in her woman's weakness blest :
 For she can weep, 'till Nature, over-wrought,

Lose, in th' excess of agony, the pow'r
 To suffer more, and sink in apathy.
 The flood of anguish, gushing from my heart,
 Mounts to my reeling brain, like liquid fire ;
 I feel as tears must flow, tho' tears of blood.
 The torrent rushing to my burning eyes,
 There sudden seems arrested, forcing out
 The aching balls, as tho' they would start forth,
 And leave their sockets, sooner than let fall
 One cooling drop to save me from despair.
 Nature, more pitiful than fierce remorse,
 Pours forth her tears upon my fever'd brow.
 Night, dost thou weep in sympathy with me ?
 Almighty Framers of both night and day,
 Thou who dost rule the elemental storms,
 With pity look on this tempestuous heart,
 Subdue my rebel sorrow to thy will !
 Thou hast but ta'en thine own, thy Angel gift,
 Which I was too unworthy to retain.

(Signora Amieri calls within.)

AMIERI.

I come, O most afflicted one,—I come.

*(He is going, when Ginerra enters, and seeing him,
 stretches out her arms to him.)*

GINEVRA.

My Father !

*(He turns, and sees her ;—at this moment enters
 Signora Amieri.)*

AMIERI.

Behold ! behold ! the Spirit of our Child !

GINEVRA.

Thou wilt not drive me, O my Father, hence !
Spurn'd from the house of him to whom thou gav'st
me,

Expiring, I return to this my home.

Wave me not off ! I am your living Child !

The rain has drenched these garments of the grave,—

Slight cov'ring, even when dry, from the night air,

Let me not like a houseless beggar die !

(Signora Amieri faints.)

GINEVRA.

Ah ! gracious Heav'n ! my Mother ! is she dead ?

AMIERI

Forgive, O Spirit of my murder'd Child !

Forgive thy Father's too much punished fault !

Masses, and prayers, shall for thy soul be said ;

My term of life, which still is unexpired,

Shall be an exercise of penitence ;

But, if thy disembodied Spirit owns

The feelings and affections which in life

Were thine,—oh ! look upon thy Mother's state !

Behold her fainting, dying in my arms !

If still thou lov'st her, go and be at peace !

GINEVRA.

Yes, I will go, nor cause my Mother's death.
Yet, Father, think, that thou hast spurn'd thy Child,
Thy living Child,—if breath, if sense be life !
O Earth ! why wilt thou not thy bosom ope,
And one receive, whom all the world rejects ?
One, who would not a shelter have denied,
Ev'n to a houseless dog ; yet now in vain
Entreats it from her nearest kindred ties.
Father, farewell !—dear Mother, fare thee well !

(*Exit slowly.*)

A Garden.—Moonlight.

SIGNORA RONDINELLI, ANTONIO, AND SERVANTS.

SIGNORA RONDINELLI.

Antonio, give not thus to grief the rein !
 Thy sorrow cannot benefit the dead,
 But harms thyself, and wrings thy Mother's heart.
 'Tis almost midnight, and the air is chill !
 I pray thee, go with me into the house.

ANTONIO.

The midnight air will cool my burning brow,
 The storm is past, the moon is beaming forth,
 Leave me, good Mother ! leave me to my grief,
 Thou canst not guess the anguish of a loss
 Like mine !

SIGNORA RONDINELLI.

Ungrateful Boy ! have I not lost
 Thy Father ? dost thou think thy youthful love,
 (Ev'n tho' 'twas faithful, and the object worthy
 Such passion to inspire,) could outweigh one
 Which bound, for the best years of life, two hearts,
 Whose strong attachment but increased with time,
 'Till death, relentless, burst those sacred bonds,
 And left one widowed, joyless, and forlorn.

(*Weeps.*)

ANTONIO.

My Mother ! oh ! forgive my selfish grief.

SIGNORA RONDINELLI.

How I have mourn'd thy sainted Sire, long years
Of hidden agony, and tears might tell !—
Yet, when my light of life was from me snatch'd,
And ev'ry earthly joy for ever dead :
For thee I check'd my sighs, I dried my tears.
I would not wound thy youthful heart with grief,
Whose depth I felt thou could'st not understand.
'Twas for thy sake, I wore a cheerful face,
And enter'd once again the busy world,
Where every thing I saw recall'd my loss !
But thou, by this thy first affliction tried,
Sink'st down beneath thy burden unresisting,
Regardless that thou wring'st thy Mother's heart.

ANTONIO.

Forgive the hasty words keen anguish caused !
I will exert myself for thy dear sake.
To-morrow thou shalt see me calm, resign'd,
Only this one indulgence grant to me,
Leave me this night to solitude and grief !

SIGNORA RONDINELLI.

I go, my Son : this night indulge thy tears,
I will no more disturb thee, but in prayer
Thy vigil share, though separate from thee.

ANTONIO.

Good night, sweet Mother, peaceful sleep be thine.

(Exit Signora Rondinelli with Servants.)

ANTONIO.—(Solus.)

No human eye is on my sorrow now ;
 No vain attempts of human sympathy,
 To soothe the anguish of a heart whose pangs
 Reject all words that breathe of consolation.
 Blessed relief !—Yet, I am not alone—
 No, my Ginevra's Spirit is with me.
 How oft we were together at this hour,
 Still holding sweet communion in our thoughts,
 Even when our lips were silent ; while the moon
 Gave her soft silver light, as now she does.
 Pale beauteous orb ! wrapt in a misty veil,
 Thou look'st like my Ginevra in her shroud.
 Ev'n in death's stillness, so her beauty shone,
 As fair, as pure as thine, and oh ! as cold !
 Last night I spoke with her,—I heard her voice ;
 And now she sleeps within the silent tomb.
 With strange distinctness to my memory,
 The vision rises of one summer's eve,
 'Ere aught had clouded our first dawn of love,
 When we together look'd upon the sky,
 As darkly bright as now. Ev'n so did light
 And fleecy clouds envelope oft the moon,
 Which seem'd more lovely, seen thro' that light veil ;
 Like Goodness when she fain would hide herself
 Beneath the mantle of humility.

A pleasing melancholy fill'd our souls,
 And gave its colour to the words we spoke;
 And then she ask'd me, should I terror feel,
 If from the tomb, (supposing her first there)
 She should return to visit me on earth?
 And when I answer'd no—she sportive said,
 That she would come when dead, if I survived,
 To try my love, and to console my grief.
 Now is the time. Oh! that she could indeed
 Return, and take me with her to the grave.
 Far dearer were the narrow house of death
 With her, than palaces or thrones without her.
 O my Ginevra!

(Enter Ginevra.)

GINEVRA.

Here beloved Antonio!

Start not! tho' in my shroud, I am not dead,
 But come from the dark tomb to die with thee.
 Awaking from a death-like trance, I rose,
 And thro' an aperture escaped my prison.
 With tott'ring steps, I sought my Husband's house,—
 Rejected there, I to my Father went;
 To him, who severed me from thy true love,
 To give me to the unfeeling Agolanti.
 Driven too from that my early home, I tried
 My loving Uncle; still refused,—o'ercome
 With weakness, and the cold, I laid me down
 To die; but then I thought of thy true love,—
 And I have dragged my weary limbs so far,
 To die beneath thy roof.

ANTONIO.

Oh ! say not so !

By ev'ry tender care restored to health,
Thou'lt live to be the blessing of my life !
My own Ginevra, rest upon this arm !
What ho ! within arise !—Alas ! she faints !
Haste, Mother haste ! assistance, or she dies !

*(Enter Signora Rondinelli and Servants,
with lights.)*

SIGNORA RONDINELLI.

Here, here is help ! Who needs it ?—Heav'n ! my Son !
Clasping within his arms a shrouded corse !
Has madness seized thee in thy misery,
That thou hast torn Ginevra from her grave ?
Fie ! is this love, to snatch her poor remains,
With impious hand, from their last resting place ?
Alas ! alas ! what can I do ?

ANTONIO.

Hush ! hush !

I am not mad !—but now she lived and spoke.
Awaking from a death-like trance, she sought
From me the shelter other Friends denied.
Feel, feel her heart, my Mother ! for my frame
Seems all pulsation, nor can I discern
If that slight motion which I feel, be life
Within her breast, or mine own agitation.
Blast me not with the sentence, she is dead !

SIGNORA RONDINELLI

Take comfort my Antonio, there is life,
If we can hold the flutt'rer in its cage ;
Thou tremblest, and canst scarce support her weight ;
Let her be carried in !

ANTONIO.

No, I am firm !
Lead on, prepare a couch, and all that may
Infuse new strength into her fainting frame :
Oh ! may success our anxious efforts crown.
(Exeunt.)

Rondinelli's House.

Ginevra stretched on a couch, attended by Antonio and his Mother.

SIGNORA RONDINELLI.

Be comforted my Son, in truth I think
Her life may yet be saved. See, she revives.
All praise to Heaven ! our cares are not in vain.

ANTONIO.

Yes, yes, life mimics day-break on her brow,
The shades of lethargy are passing thence ;
And on her cheek, one tender streak of red
Proclaims, the blood is flowing in her veins.

SIGNORA RONDINELLI.

Here is a cordial, put it to her lips !
The hands I hold, seem warming to my touch.
(*Ginevra revives by degrees.*)

Withdraw a little from her sight, my Son !
She understands not where she is—let me
Explain her situation by degrees.

GINEVRA.

My Mother ? No,—yet sure I know that face.
Say, kind and gentle Lady, who art thou ?

SIGNORA RONDINELLI.

Fear not dear Maid, I am a tender Friend ;
 One who will be to thee a second Mother.

GINEVRA.

Mother ! but where, oh ! where is then mine own ?
 I feel that I am ill, where then is she,
 Who once was wont to nurse me at such times ?
 Well I remember once, when I was held
 By burning fever to my restless couch,
 Can I forget ?—oh ! never,—who it was,
 That smoothed the pillow for my aching head ;
 Who watched thro' ev'ry agonizing change,
 And soothed the fretful suff'rer with such love,
 As only in a tender Mother dwells !
 And when by horrid dreams I was aroused,
 From that short, restless slumber, fever gives ;
 And round my couch imagination showed,
 Strange shapes that terrified my weaken'd mind ;—
 It was enough to hear her slightest stir,
 To know that she was near me, tho' asleep,
 To dissipate the phantasies of pain,
 And make me feel, as Heav'n itself were there.

SIGNORA RONDINELLI.

And even so shalt thou be guarded now !

GINEVRA.

But, wherefore here ? for this is not my home.
 It is the dreadful season of the plague,—

Speak, speak in mercy, have I lost them all?
Has death deprived me of all those I loved?

SIGNORA RONDINELLI.

Be calm, Ginevra, all you love are well!
Strange circumstances have indeed occurred,
But you are in the arms of those who love you!
Look on me, can you not recall this face?
I am Antonio's Mother. Come, my Son,
'Tell your Ginevra, she is welcome here!

GINEVRA.

Antonio!—Ah! I recollect it now!
By Father, Mother, Husband, Uncle, all
Repulsed, abhorred, I find in thee alone
The courage, mercy, love, which from their hearts
Seemed banished, when I sought their aid this night.
O Rondinelli! thou art all my world!

(*Weeps.*)

ANTONIO.

Weep not for that beloved! should Heav'n but grant,
That thou should'st be restored to health, thou ne'er
Shalt need regret the loss of other friends,
If one heart's love and faith can thee console.

SIGNORA RONDINELLI.

Now leave her to her second Mother's care!
She needs repose, and I will watch her sleep.

GINEVRA.

Yet stay awhile ; the aperture through which
 I issued from the tomb, is yawning still.—
 Others perchance, less blest than I, may there
 Fall in, and lose existence thro' my fault.
 Close it then, I conjure thee, Rondinelli !
 And secretly—for I will never make
 Another effort, to convince my Friends,
 (Oh ! title ill applied !) that still I live.
 If from those hated ties I am not free,
 Which bind me to Francesco, I no more
 Will mingle in the world ; but take the vows,
 Which from that world, for ever, cut me off.

ANTONIO.

Oh ! my Ginevra, death dissolves all ties !
 Has not thy Husband spurn'd, rejected thee ?
 Thy will is surely now thy only bond !
 Speak, Mother, is 't not so ?

SIGNORA RONDINELLI.

In truth it seems
 To me, that by no law she now is bound !
 Had years been passed as Agolanti's wife,
 Stern duty might have ordered her return.
 But the unwilling Bride of few short hours—

GINEVRA.—(*Interrupting her.*)

Never ! I never will return to him !
 What was dislike, is now disgust and scorn !

But two alternatives remain to me,—
 The Bride of Heav'n,—or Rondinelli thine !
 And may that Heav'n forgive this earthly heart,
 Which shudders at the thought of losing thee.
 In former days my tenderness for thee,
 Was equal'd, if 'twas not surpassed, by that
 I bore the tender Parents of my youth !
 But now—they are to me as in their graves,
 And all the love which once was theirs, is thine !

ANTONIO.

Words, words, ye were not made for bliss like mine !

SIGNORA RONDINELLI.

Dear Children, equal in your Mother's heart,
 May pitying Heav'n your love and truth reward !
 Now go Antonio ; for this sacrifice
 I trust thou shalt be recompensed by years
 Of her society ; but see, more pale
 She grows each moment ;—leave her now to rest.

ANTONIO.

This moment I will go ; farewell, farewell !
 Oh ! may the morning bring propitious news !

Agolanti's House.

FRANCESCO.—(Solus.)

Three days have passed, since that dread hour which
still

'Tis terror and dismay to think upon !
Soon as the shades of night begin to fall,
A horror, past description, fills my soul.
No sleep has visited these aching eyes,
Since on that form they fix'd their tortured gaze.
Yet, thro' the gloomy hours of night, I fear
'To raise their lids, lest She should meet my view.
Would that my other senses too were closed !
But ever, and anon, a hollow voice,
The hated name of Husband seems to breathe.
Still fancy makes me feel an icy touch
Upon the hand, that burns with fever's heat.
But yet she comes not ! O ye Saints ! remove
The recollection of that fearful night !
Fain would I think 'twas but a dream !
'The vault seems ev'n more firmly closed, than when,
The fun'ral service done, we left her there.
But no, Giuseppe saw the Spirit too !
Both saw and heard ;—but oh ! perchance kind Heav'n
Has punish'd me enough and will preserve
Me from a repetition of the sight !

I have commanded that her clothes, and all
 That e'er was hers, should instantly be sold.
 Would I could drive her from my memory thus !
(Enter Amieri.)

AMIERI.

Francesco ! my afflicted Son ! 'twere vain
 To ask thee how thou dost ; too well I read
 The ravages of sorrow on thy cheek !

FRANCESCO.

Father, I am indeed a heart-struck wretch.
(Aside.)

(I would not let the sorrowing old Man
 Perceive, that ev'n on him I cannot look
 Without a shudder.)

AMIERI.

I am come betimes,
 To tell thee of a circumstance so strange,
 That scarce I know how to interpret it.
 I need not tell thee how upon the night
 That follow'd thy disastrous wedding-day—

FRANCESCO.

No more,—if pity dwells in thee, no more !

AMIERI.

I see thou canst not bear the recollection.
 I will be brief: the Uncle of the Maid,
 By whom the apparition too was seen,

With me, this morning sought our ancient vault.
 It is the will of Heav'n to try us much,
 And 'twas a painful effort to us both,
 Two feeble, aged Men to seek that spot,
 Which must, 'ere long, become our dwelling place.
 There, was the bier on which thy bride was laid !
 There, were the flowers thy loving hands had strew'd,
 But her we sought,—Ginevra—is not there.

FRANCESCO.

Madonna ! how surprising is thy tale !

AMIERI.

Events so strange as have befallen late,
 Leave nought for us to do, save patiently
 To wait, what further Heaven may ordain.

(*Enter Servant.*)

SERVANT.—(*To Francesco.*)

Sir, in obedience to your will, the robes
 Of my late Mistress, have been put to sale.

FRANCESCO.

Well, have they found a purchaser ?

SERVANT.

They have.

Signor Antonio Rondinelli's Mother.

FRANCESCO.

How !

AMIERI.

Francesco, how is this? The robes
Of my Ginevra sold! methinks 'twas sudden!

FRANCESCO.

Be not offended! they were useless now,
Save to recall my loss, and pain my heart.

AMIERI.—(*Aside.*)

Could he have loved her to do thus? it wounds
My very soul.

FRANCESCO.—(*To Servant.*)

Fool! could'st thou not have found,
A fitter opportunity for this?

AMIERI.

I see thou art engaged, so fare thee well!

FRANCESCO.

Nay, Sir, if you permit, I go with you,
I fain would pay my duty to my Mother.

AMIERI.

Ev'n as you please, Signor. (Would that I had
My Child again! Antonio, thou should'st have her!)

A Cathedral.

GINEVRA, SIGNORA RONDINELLI, AND ANTONIO.

GINEVRA.

How beauteous is this edifice of pray'r !
 Hark ! how the voices swell in harmony,
 'Then die away, as though in Heav'n itself
 'The sound were lost ! 'Tis soothing to the heart,
 To worship thus, amid the noblest works
 Of genius, Him, who gave the glorious gift.
 Surely 'tis right to offer Him the first,
 The worthiest fruits of that which He bestowed !
 And I, ev'n I, all worthless as I am,
 Feel, when I kneel within this holy place,
 And join my feeble voice with those around,
 My spirit raised above the things of earth,
 My heart more tuned to love, to God and man,
 As tho' that heav'nly harmony of sound,
 Still better harmony produced within.
 Lo ! there my Mother kneels, my Father too !
 My angel Mother ! see, the tears do steal
 Down her pale face,—she weeps, she prays for me !
 O my Antonio ! how this heart is torn
 By struggling feelings, wishes, hopes, and fears !

A few short moments must decide my fate ;
 Nor when I would compose my mind to pray'r,
 Know I what joy to ask, what woe avert,
 So close my bliss and sorrow are allied.
 When I remember all my Mother's care,
 My fond old Father too—harsh, only once,
 I feel as if my heart did cling to them
 So close, that death alone could loose its hold.

ANTONIO.

Ginevra, if thy heart repents its choice,
 If my immeasurable love, too small,
 Too feeble seem to thee,—return—
 Let not a lukewarm sense of pity, bind
 Thy fate to mine, if still thy soul repines.

GINEVRA.

Hush ! Hush ! Antonio, fie ! what bitter words !
 Ev'n as I speak, I feel the darkest woes
 That Heav'n's displeasure could upon me pour,
 Were happiness compared to that worst doom
 My shuddering heart can paint,—to part from thee !
 Yet thou know'st not,—Oh ! may'st thou never learn
 The pang that wrings my heart, when I behold
 The Parents of my youth, and think that I
 Perchance, may never more their voices hear
 Call blessings on my head,—may never see
 Their loving eyes upon my features rest.
 Well I remember, when in childhood's years,
 I looked upon my Mother's gentle face,

As young and fairer far than mine is now,
 How she would chide me, that I called her beautiful,
 And say that she was old ;—and I have wept
 To think it possible, that ev'n in years
 To come, she must be so ; and then I thought
 That she should know a second youth in mine ;
 For that I would devote it all to her.
 But now a Stranger's hand shall aid the steps,
 Which grief more swift than time will soon make weak,
 Another voice shall sing the songs she loves.
 Nor I at distance from her, far removed,
 But dwelling in the very selfsame place,
 Daily and hourly meeting her—a Stranger.

ANTONIO.

Weep not Ginevra ! it will not be so ;
 Lo ! even now the holy mass is done,
 The crowd disperse,—but still thy Parents wait ;
 Francesco too is there,—his Friends and thine.
 Now is the moment come. Belov'd be calm !
 All will be well, oh ! more, much more than well,
 If, as 'tis death to doubt, it makes thee mine.

SIGNORA RONDINELLI.

See, they approach—they recognize thy form.

AMIERI, SIGNORA AMIERI, FRANCESCO, FRIENDS,
THE PRIEST, AND THE SAME.

AMIERI.

What do mine eyes behold ?

SIGNORA AMIERI.

My Child !

FRANCESCO.

My Bride !

GINEVRA.—(*Advancing alone.*)

My Parents, Friends, and thou, O holy Priest,
Look not with such surprise upon my face,
But lend your ears to what I have to say,
For on the verdict that your lips pronounce,
My fate through future years hangs trembling now.
There is not one amongst you, who knows not,
That in this holy place, where now we stand,
Not many days have past since I became
Francesco Agolanti's wedded wife.
Some too (perchance not all) are well aware
That years of tried affection bound my heart
To one who near me stands. Ev'n now, tho' shame
Would tie my tongue, I scorn the blush that mounts
Into my cheek, when publicly I say

I love Antonio. Well his deeds have proved
 How truly he has merited that love.
 You also know, that I by seeming death
 Was struck, ev'n on my fatal wedding-day.
 Oh ! with what joy I felt that sudden pang, '
 Which, as I thought, for ever set me free
 From a connexion which my soul abhorred.
 At night, within the tomb, my Spirit woke
 From that deep lethargy, so like to death.
 Imagine then what horror seiz'd my heart,
 When I discover'd that I was immured
 In solitude and darkness, in the tomb.
 Let me not dwell on this, it thrills my soul
 With horror, ev'n to recollect it now.

FRANCESCO.

Ye Saints ! are these indeed the words of one,
 Who has been in communion with the dead ;
 Who has for hours amid corruption lain,
 And from the very house of death returned,
 To live again like us, and walk the earth.
 My soul is sick with horror at the thought !

SIGNORA AMIERI.—(*Embracing her.*)

Husband, look here ! oh ! is not this our Child ?
 Shall we not take her to our hearts again,
 In humble gratitude to that high Power,
 Which works a miracle to bless us thus ?

AMIERI.

My Child ! my loved Ginevra ! my lost Child !

(All gathering round her.)

A miracle ! a miracle ! it is Ginevra's self !

GINEVRA.

Thanks gentle Friends. Yet let me still proceed,
 For somewhat yet remains for me to tell.
 A gleam of moonlight thro' the broken wall,
 While it display'd the horrors of the place,
 Suggested too some hope of a release.
 The masonry was old and weak ; I strove,
 With strength by hope and fear supplied, to make
 The fissure larger than it was before.
 Success my efforts crown'd, and I was free.
 Then came the thought of whither should I go ?
 My duty pointed to my Husband's house.
 So hateful was the thought, I almost turn'd
 To seek again a refuge with the dead.
 He knows how I was answer'd, when I sought
 The shelter and protection of his roof.
 My parents too, by terror influenced,
 Denied me an asylum in their house.
 Then, and then only, did I dare obey
 The dictates of my heart, which told me fear,
 Nor interest, e'er could change Antonio's mind.
 To him, and to his Mother's tender care,
 I owe the life, which twice that night seem'd lost.
 Now holy Father, here receive my vow !

For solemnly I swear, no earthly power
 Shall force me to return to Agolanti.
 If the most holy church should verdict give,
 To separate me still from him I love,
 Upon the altar I will consecrate
 A heart, which, though reluctant, must obey.

PRIEST.

Already hath the voice of rumour brought
 The tale of these so singular events,
 Ev'n to my ears. I have consider'd well
 The circumstances of the case, and thus
 I give my verdict, which if (as I feel
 Assured) our holy Bishop should confirm,
 It is your bounden duty to obey.

GINEVRA.

O Heav'n !

ANTONIO.

In mercy Reverend Father speak,

PRIEST.

Thus then the canons of the church declare,
 That death unlooses every human tie.
 Therefore is she who wedded Agolanti,
 By death (thro' which undoubtedly she past,
 By what high favour of indulgent Heav'n,
 Miraculously shown, is hid from us)
 Free, as the day before she took the vows,

That bound her for a few short hours to him.
 Free is she too of all control, save that
 To which religion and affection call
 Upon a duteous Daughter still to bow,
 Ev'n after marriage—that of filial love.
 Free mistress of her heart, her hand, her dow'r,
 She may bestow them where her feelings will.

GINEVRA.

Antonio, thus I use the new found power,—
 Heart, hand, and dow'r, all that I have is thine.
 And O my Parents kindly look on us!

AMIERI.

My Child, the will of Heaven is evident.
 My blessing, all I now can give, is thine.

THE DREAM OF HIPPIAS.

“ On the night before Hippias conducted the barbarians to the plain of Marathon, he is said to have dreamt a dream. He thought he was with his Mother. In the fondness of human hopes he interpreted the vision favourably, and flattered himself that he should regain his authority, and die in his own house of old age ”—*Lytton Bulwer's Athens*, vol. 1, book 2, chap. 5.

The crescent moon slow sailing thro' the sky,
 Cast fitful gleams upon a chain of hills,
 From whose thick groves full many a tree hewn down
 Was scatter'd o'er the long and narrow plain ;—
 No more to Nymph or Faun a hiding place,
 No more, with rustling leaves and waving boughs,
 To whisper messages to mortal ears,
 From the bright Spirit world whose home was there.
 A marble temple indistinctly gleamed
 Beneath that dim uncertain light, detached
 By its own brightness from the gloom beyond.
 A stream, into a thousand sparkling fragments,
 Broke every ray that from that silver fount
 Of light, fell on its rapid laughing course.

Between that torrent and the wood-crown'd hills,
 The Grecian tents were pitched. Miltiades
 Was there, already crown'd with honours won
 At Chersonese and Lemnos, yet with fame
 Still immature ;—which needed but the day
 About to dawn, to ripen to a glory
 Eternal from the date of Marathon.
 There too was Aristides, whose renown
 On higher, purer principles was based
 Than military glory can bestow.
 His was that virtue, simplest, most sublime,
 Which may consort with humblest gifts of mind ;
 And wanting which, all dazzling qualities
 Are but as blazing torches, lit to show
 The bare and chilling grandeur of some fane,
 Where no presiding Deity as yet
 Has been enshrined, where no heart prompted prayer
 Has sanctified the place ;—Integrity
 Was his best attribute : his warlike fame
 Grows dim before the surname of the Just.

The young Themistocles, amid that band,
 Served in an humble rank, if any place
 Could be so called in that small gallant troop,
 Which faced a tenfold host in such a cause.

Along the margin of the sea the foe
 Lay camped that night ; awaiting but the day
 When Persia's Deity should light the field,
 To crush the handful of rash men who dared

Oppose the greatest Monarch of the earth.
 How many a warrior dreamt that night of home,
 'Mid those who by a Despot's will compelled,
 Had left their own loved hearths to carry forth
 The scourge of war into another land !
 'Mid those too who might almost see the walls
 That sheltered objects to affection dear,
 Left but a day before, perchance no more
 To be revisited ; while in the stead
 Of Fathers, Husbands, Brothers, in those homes,
 A conquest maddened soldiery might lodge.
 Wake, God of day ! drive hence thy sister pale,
 Give signal for the legions to join fight !
 That thought is frenzy to Athenian hearts.

But one there was, amid the Persian host,
 Whose home was in the leaguered city's walls ;
 Yet shamed not 'gainst Athenian liberty
 To lead a hostile and barbarian force.
 That night the aged Hippias, was in dreams
 Again a boy ;—again with heart unstained
 By worldly feelings, or ambition's views,—
 Whose strongest impulse was affection pure ;
 Whose dearest object was a Mother loved.
 He stood before the marble columned fane,
 To that celestial maiden consecrate,
 Who o'er the destinies of Athens ruled :—
 That emanation from the intellect
 Of Deity,—that Mind personified,
 Minerva, azure-eyed and Ægis-armed.

This was methinks, most spiritual of all
 The fancies fond by which the Gentile world
 Sought to supply the cravings of Man's heart,
 Even in his fallen and benighted state,
 For something higher, purer than by sense
 Alone might be discerned ;—some object fit
 With which the immaterial soul within
 Might hold communion,—isolated else.
 Alas ! alas ! that Spirits capable
 Of such bright beautiful imaginings,
 (Wanting a light more pure, and more distinct,
 To guide them to a knowledge of the truth,)
 Should come so near, yet miss the object sought ;
 Alas ! that Wisdom e'er should be disjoined
 From Virtue, in man's thoughts, for they are one.
 That Heav'n born Genius e'er should stoop to dwell
 With fraud, injustice, or impurity !

His Mother stood beside him in that form
 Which he might now remember, though forgot
 In waking hours. So looked she years ago,
 'Ere called by Orcus, in her home she left
 A void, that might be filled but not supplied ;—
 A Mother's place admits no deputy.
 With settled gaze she looked upon his face :
 With yearning heart he listen'd for the tone
 Of those loved accents, now so long unheard :
 No word she utter'd. Rarely are we blest
 In visions by the voices of the dead.
 Their loving eyes are on our features fixed,

They speak not, but their glances thrill our hearts
 With power whose influence wears not away
 When sleep is fled ; for days the spell remains
 Upon our waking hours, and still we *feel*
 Those eyes upon us—though we see them not.

So thrilled beneath his Mother's steadfast gaze,
 That Dreamer on the plain of Marathon.
 She turned and towards that dwelling took her way,
 Once sacred to the household Deities
 Of the too eloquent Pisistratus :—
 There Hippias first had drawn the breath of life.
 He strove to follow, though with faltering steps ;
 The shadow paused not, till before the door
 Of (no imposing pile) his boyhood's home.
 There, lingering on the threshold for brief space,
 One glance that bade him follow east on him,
 Who, powerless to obey, stood rooted there,
 With gasping breath, and hands upraised and clasped :
 Then, as the phantom glided from his sight,
 With agonizing cry, " Stay Mother, stay,
 " Fold me but in thine arms, 'ere thou depart !"
 He burst the bands of slumber and awoke.
 He was again the grey-haired exile Hippias,
 With cheeks o'er which the tears were streaming fast,
 And frame, that bathed with dews of agony,
 Was quivering still with strong convulsive throes.
 He who had nerve, to lead a hostile host
 Against the spot that held his Mother's urn,—
 Who vigour of ambition still possessed,

To hope, by the barbarian's aid, to gain
 That dignity he could not long expect
 To hold, now wept and trembled at a dream.
 Morn dawned upon the day of Marathon,
 At whose mere mention many a heart has thrilled
 That had no share in Athens, by the force
 Of that strong sympathy that calls on Man,
 Even after twenty centuries have passed,
 To share Man's joys and sorrows—to rejoice
 When many yield to few, by Justice armed,—
 When Right has pow'r to triumph over Might.

The dark impression of his troubled dream,
 Passed from the mind of Hippias with the clouds
 Of night. The vision of his Mother's form
 Beckoning him to his home, still seemed to float
 Before his eyes ; but augury of good
 He drew from thence. Thus shadowed forth he saw
 His restoration to his long lost power,
 And peaceful death in his Athenian home
 When age at length should quench the lamp of life;—
 A period distant still, he fondly thought,
 Though many a winter had passed o'er his head,
 Since he had passed the vigour of his prime.

Trusting, by numbers to o'erwhelm the foe,
 The Persian Satrap Datis, though the ground
 To him afforded no advantage, drew
 His army out in terrible array.

Ten thousand horse renowned in ancient war,
A hundred thousand infantry, were his.

Miltiades drew up his gallant band,
Beneath the shelter of the hills, and strewed
The fallen trunks of trees along the plain ;
Lest by the myriad foe hemmed in, his troops
Should perish, powerless to help themselves.
The hills and groves of Attica that day
Aided her valiant children to save Greece.

Th' Athenian and Barbarian hosts join'd fight.
The many fled before the few, nor deemed
So safe the shelter of their tents as ships.
The exile Hippias saw no more his home,
Nor with the Persian fugitives escaped.
Slain by Athenian hands, his mortal frame
Reposed upon the soil of Attica.
His spirit joined his Mother in those realms
O'er which the Queen of Shadows holds control.

THE COMPLAINT
OF
QUEEN CATHERINE OF ARRAGON.

Howl on, thou sadly moaning wind,
In chorus to my hopeless sighs !
In thee the injured Queen may find
That sympathy the world denies.

Ye narrow walls that round me close !
Thou damp cold earth on which I kneel !
Repository of my woes !
Dark witness of my holy zeal !

Ye Chapel Vaults so dark and deep
Where holy rites I celebrate !
When low before the rood I weep,
My heavy grief ye consecrate !

Thou silver Thames, that onwards flow'st
Between thy sloping lawns of green ;
Pour in great Henry's ear the host
Of woes that press his injured Queen !

A sad neglected stranger here,
 I drag along my weary life ;
 Depriv'd of all to woman dear,
 A childless Mother,—widow'd Wife !

Degraded from my high estate,
 Forgotten or despised grown ;
 She who was wont on me to wait
 Now fills my place upon the throne !

For many years thy faithful Wife,
 Obedient to thy slightest word ;
 With joy I would have given my life
 'Ere from my duty I had err'd.

But now in loneliness I pine,
 Without a Friend my soul to cheer ;
 And when existence I resign,
 Thou wilt not deign to shed a tear !

O thou, my dear, my native Spain !
 With joy would I thy plains behold ;
 O'er which the sun delights to reign,
 For here both clime and hearts are cold !

But never will I thither go,
 So fallen from what I once have been !
 Here will I hide my wrongs and woe,
 A widowed Wife, a crownless Queen.

Forbidden is my holy creed,
 Hardly to own it Cath'rine dares;
 Yet never had she greater need
 Of humblest orisons and pray'rs.

Those rites the Church our Mother wills,
 I here in this dark vault perform;
 The damp strikes thro' my frame, and chills
 A heart devotion cannot warm.

Ye blessed Saints,' beyond our sight
 Enthron'd, do ye my sorrows feel?
 Oh! pour into my soul some light,
 To recompense my holy zeal.

Howl on thou sadly moaning wind,
 In chorus to my hopeless sighs,
 Thy murmurs seem like Pity kind,
 And that alas! the world denies.

The foregoing Stanzas were suggested by a probably ill-founded tale. An old house at Twickenham was said to have been the residence of Catherine, after her separation from Henry VIII. and, in a vault beneath it, she was supposed secretly to have heard mass, after its celebration was prohibited.

REFLECTIONS

SUGGESTED BY

A THUNDER STORM.

Not even when the Rainbow I behold,
 (That visible and everlasting sign
 Of the All-merciful Creator's sure
 Protection, to his creature Man,—the pledge
 Of promised succour, when again the floods
 Should pour upon the earth, but never more
 O'erwhelm it,)—not that many coloured arch,
 Tinting the murky clouds with borrowed light,
 And making them as darkly beautiful
 As christian sorrow cheered by christian hope!—
 Awakes within my soul so deep a sense
 Of the immediate presence of a God,
 Whose mercy, like His power, is infinite,
 As elevates my spirit, and forbids
 A shade of fear, with reverential awe,
 To mingle when the deafening thunder peals,
 And lightning darts athwart my shrinking sight.
 Most sure is my dependance on His love,

When most, in awful Majesty of power,
 As infinite as irresistible,
 The Maker of the world reveals Himself,—
 Wielding those weapons of destruction which
 No human hand may grasp or turn aside ;—
 Which even to corporeal sense declare
 Him potent to destroy as well as save.
 Each roar of thunder, pealing from the clouds,
 Beneath whose voice our very dwellings rock,
 Proclaims that God is Great, that God is Good.
 What though the next discharge to thee should send
 Thy summons, on the forked lightning borne,
 My soul respond thou, God is Great,—is Good !
 To many shall the elemental war
 An office of benevolence fulfil.
 From thence salubrity the air derives,—
 Fertility the soil ; thus made more fit
 For life and health and innocent enjoyment.

* * * * * * *
 * * * * * * *
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Methinks this boundless universe is but
 One vast, stupendous instrument of music,
 From which the Great Creator's hand calls forth
 Continnoous strains of finest harmony.
 To him whose spirit dulled by petty cares,
 Or soiled by willing guilt, no joy can find
 In contemplation of the works of God ;—

Who never searches for such glimpses of
 His infinite perfection as the mind
 Of man can bear, (while in this mortal state,)
 By studying its evidences in
 The workings of those agents of His will
 Which we can see, and hear, and feel,—which through
 The organs of our nature physical,
 Proclaim to the intelligence within,
 How infinitely powerful, wise, and good
 Is He who framed, and still maintains the world :
 To such an one the wondrous symphony
 Is lost. But when the soul has been attuned
 By frequent converse with the God who made
 All nature with a constitution framed
 Like that of man,—not merely physical,
 But also with a being spiritual
 Endowed,—of which one element is harmony,—
 Then is the star-lit sky at night, a page
 Whereon the eye may read, like written notes,
 Hymns to the glory of the God Most High.
 Then are the winds, the waves, the rustling leaves,
 The song of birds, the hum of insect tribes,
 All eloquent to tell their Maker's praise.
 Then too all that which Evil called, doth oft
 With questions why it is, and whence it came,
 Disturb and much perplex Man's intellect,
 (Scarce lower than the Angels once,—now like
 His moral nature, so deteriorated
 That its perception of the Truth is dim

And most imperfect,—and cannot discern
 That even amid the wreck of all that once
 Was perfect, nothing truly Evil is,
 Save Sin alone, and its sad consequents,
 By Adam introduced into a world
 Where all from Goodness infinite derived,
 Could not be other than its Author—Good,
 Though not like Him incapable of ill;—
 All else by Mercy made medicinal,
 Sin to correct, and therefore turned to Good ;)—
 Then Evil as the discords introduced,
 By some melodious master of the lyre,
 Into a strain of purest music seems ;—
 Discords, which heard apart, are harsh and strange,
 And leave the waiting ear in pained suspense,
 Yet managed by the wise musicians skill
 Lead into fresh and perfect harmony.—
 Or as the thunder storm,—that discord grand,
 Which breaking on the seasons' ordered course,
 Seems for a while disorder to produce,
 But when the full-charged clouds careering meet,
 And pour their double burthen forth in streams
 Of fluid fire and water floods by turns,
 Then pure unclouded light and balmy airs
 Refresh all nature, faint with summer heat,
 And elemental Evil turns to Good.



Christian, pollute not the Truth, by dissimulation or falsehood!

Speak not nor act a lie, in thy dealings and converse with others!

Lend not to interest thine ear, to practice the smallest deception!

Vigilant be, lest aught should thy conscience beguile or bewilder!

Study thy mind to preserve for Truth's entertainment unfettered;

Pure and unmixed as thou didst receive it, then let it go from thee!

Pious in error, the Persian shunned to pollute the pure fountain;

There he believed the God of his worship in type was presented.

Sacrilege therefore he deemed it, water to mix with defilement.

Impious to taint, or put to base use his Divinity's image.

Thou, who to worship a God whose essence in Truth
finds a mirror,
Clear as the purest fount to the sun ever offered,
professest,
Dare not a shadow to cast, to break that most glorious
reflection !
Never, oh never, taint the pure fountain with any
strange mixture !

TO A PIANO FORTE LONG SILENT.

Where is the spirit, once within thee dwelling,
 When the cold iv'ry answered to my finger,
 Strains to my feelings sympathetic swelling,
 Where does it linger?

In that dull material form by labour fashioned,
 Is that power of music still though silent living,—
 Once to each movement of the soul impassioned,
 Fit language giving?

Whither, oh whither, is that voice departed,
 Once with thine mingling, every artless feeling,
 Sympathy wakened, grief or joy light-hearted,
 In song revealing?

Where are the dear ones, once around me hovering,
 Thy chords harmonious hearing, still untiring,
 By love instructed, every charm discovering,
 Love was inspiring?

'Tis sweet to fancy all the soul's enjoyment,
Lost here, awaits it, purified in Heaven ;
Song and affection there find full employment,
Freed from earth's leaven.

There, O beloved ones, may our voices mingle,—
There where no changes waken anxious tremor ;
Blending with myriads, who with impulse single,
Praise the Redeemer !

STANZAS.

Yes, souls may meet, tho' distance part
The frames which are their earthly home,
And heart hold converse with the heart,
E'en o'er the barrier of the tomb!
Who has not felt the eager spring,
With which the spirit spurns at Time,
And flies to meet, on eagle wing,
The Good—the Great—of ev'ry clime?
Who that the page of hist'ry reads,
Ne'er burn'd the injured to defend;
Who hears the Hero's noble deeds,
Nor feels as if he were his friend?
Oh! with what unavailing tears
We bathe the guiltless victim's grave!
And long to call back vanish'd years,
And those we vainly love to save!
How do we envy those who shared,
The Sage's converse, while in life;
Those who beside the Hero dared,
The stroke of Death in battle strife!

Tho' Ocean roll his depths between,
The spirit bounds across the wave,
And offers, tho' unheard, unseen,
Its homage to the Good—the Brave !
In Fancy ev'ry step pursues,
In Fancy ev'ry peril shares,
Joys in success,—each failure rues,
And aids each enterprise with pray'rs.

THE SONG OF PENELOPE.

Another wretched day is past,
And still Ulysses is away ;
Now with a heavy heart I haste
To mar the labours of the day.

My weary hands would fain refuse
The work, so long ago begun ;
Which ev'ry mournful day renews,
Each wakeful night beholds undone !

But, oh ! the task were harder far,
To burst the bonds of duteous love, ¹
And with unholy hands to mar
The web that Faith and Truth have wove !

Yes, best Beloved, where'er thou art,
Beyond the Styx, or yet in life ;
Still thine shall be this hand and heart,
Still sad Penelope thy wife !

Tho' years of absence yet should run,
I swear this work shall never cease,
Day's task at night shall be undone,
Till thou art here, or I at peace !

And as Arachne's subtle snare,
Is with her very vitals wove,
So I, in ceaseless toil will wear
My life away, my Faith to prove !

THE NIGHTINGALE TO THE ROSE.

I saw thee in thine hour of pride,
The sun his radiance o'er thee flung;
Soft breathing zephyrs round thee sigh'd,
Sweet warbling birds thy praises sung.
But now thou canst not raise thy head,
Which humbly seems the earth to seek;
Thy blush is gone—thy odour fled,
The tears of night are on thy cheek.
No zephyrs throng around thee now,
Thou canst bestow no gifts on them,
But rude the chill night breezes blow,
And shake thee on thy slender stem.
No feathered songsters hymn thy praise,
Nor try thine hour of woe to cheer;
Tho' hush'd be all their flatt'ring lays,
Droop not Belov'd! for I am here.
How many friends were thine this morn,
Whom night's first cloud beheld depart!
Yet Mourner, heed them not,—nor scorn
The worship of one faithful heart!
Here will I sit the whole night long,
Thy thorn against my bosom prest,
And try with ever-changing song,
To cheer, and soothe thy cares to rest.

STANZAS.

Yes, I will strive this heart to raise,
 (Too prone to cling to earth alone,)
 To join its song of pray'r and praise,
 With that which echoes round God's throne.

The Lark when roused by early morn,
 To cheer the earth no note prolongs,
 Until on soaring pinions borne,
 She fills high Heaven with her songs.

I will not think those pow'rs too weak,
 By Him bestow'd (tho' mean they be)
 The praises of my God to speak,
 And bless His boundless love to me.

The feelings we must here endure,
 By which our hearts are worn and rent,
 Are ne'er so stingless, ne'er so pure,
 As when to Heav'n in worship sent.

Thus the bright tinted clouds at eve,
 Tho' bathed in light the sun has giv'n,
 Are but foul vapours, ere they leave
 The earth, and glow with light from Heav'n.

STANZAS,

ON ONE WHO DIED YOUNG.

“ She died,”—oh ! not “ before her time,”

If ev’ry virtue’s exercise

Thro’ life that never reach’d its prime,

Could fit her soul for Paradise.

Weep not for her untimely tomb !

She was not formed to bear the woes

Inherited as mortal doom,

Increasing daily till life’s close.

The buoyant step of youth ’tis true,

So lightly o’er life’s pathway treads,

It brushes but the morning dew

From flow’rs that quickly raise their heads.

But soon the heart oppress’d with care,

Weights down the step so light before,

And then each bud that promised fair,

Is crushed to earth to rise no more.

WAKING THOUGHTS AT NIGHT.

It is the silent time of night,
In vain I woo kind slumber's pow'r,
A winter moon with feeble light
Cheers not this sad and lonely hour.

How many watch and wake like me !
How many only wake to weep !
How many day must never see,
Nor ever burst the bonds of sleep !

From couch to couch my spirit goes
In thought, and blesses all it loves ;
Those who beneath this roof repose,
And those whom fate far hence removes.

May sleep o'er each his blessing shed,
And calm repose the night hours fill !
May angels hover round each bed,
And keep off ev'ry power of ill !

Oh ! may these hours of darkness bring
A balm to all by woe opprest !
May slumber blunt the scorpion sting
And ev'ry pain be hushed to rest !

At length the night is past away,
 And morning's pleasing sounds arise ;
 Oh ! cheering is the break of day,
 Tho' winter's clouds o'erspread the skies.

What tho' no birds of summer sing
 In choros welcoming the morn,
 The dearest bird that spreads the wing,
 Sweet Robin's song to Heav'n is borne.

Hark ! how the distant cattle low,
 As night and slumber pass away :
 The cocks arouse themselves and crow,—
 Has nature any sound so gay ?

Alas ! for him to whom that sound
 Convey'd no summons to rejoice !
 When him he loved, yet wrong'd look'd round
 In mild reproof which had no voice !

He wept—he wept—oh God ! what woe
 Must then his tortured heart have torn !
 Well might the bitter tear drops flow,
 The weakness of an hour to mourn !

Alas ! how oft have I denied,
 By sin the guiltless suff'rer too ;
 Nor ev'n by tears of anguish tried
 'To wash away my crimes' dark hue !

IMPROMPTU.

I looked upon the evening sky,
Still glowing with the sun's last ray,
And thought of those whose death closed eye,
No more shall see the light of day.

A voice seemed whisp'ring in my ears,
Which soothed to rest my vain regrets,
“ Cease, Mourner !—cease—and dry thy tears ;
“ A sun is theirs that never sets.”

THE BUTTERFLY.

Thou brightly painted Butterfly !

Who could believe who saw thee first,
A torpid worm imprison'd lie,
Thou e'er should'st from thy dungeon burst ?

My soul, with patience bear to dwell

Awhile within this mortal shell !

Thou too shalt have thy wings in time,

To bear thee to a brighter clime.

STANZAS.

“ Die Sonnen also scheinen uns nicht mehr ;
 “ Fortan muss eignes Feuer uns erleuchten.”

Wallenstein.

And is that light for ever gone,
 That lustre o'er life's morning shed,
 That sunshine of the heart, that shone
 So warm, is it for ever fled ?
 Too soon uprose that envions cloud,
 That masked the brightness of the sky ;
 Too soon stera Time prepared the shroud,
 For joys too early doomed to die.
 Quench'd is the morning light of hope,
 Which made life's path both warm and bright ;
 Henceforth in darkness we must grope,
 Or cheer the gloom with our own light.
 Come let us seek that lamp,—but where ?
 Has wealth the pow'r to kindle such ?
 No, gold and gems how bright soe'er,
 Glow but to sight, they chill the touch.

Ambition treads a flame lit way,

But there we dare not light our torch ;

Brightly afar the lightnings play,

Which nearer would but blind and scorch.

Affection's is the only flame

To warm and cheer life's deep'ning gloom :

From Youth to Age to shine the same,

Nor quench its radiance in the tomb.

STANZAS IN SICKNESS.

Hark ! I hear the organ swelling,
Voices blend in harmony ;
Pious hearts their woes are telling,
Bounteous God ! and praise to thee !

A Congregation bends in prayer,
Before the great Creator's throne ;
And none 'mid those who worship there
Deems one is near who prays alone.

I may not join that kneeling throng ;
In solitude my knees I bend ;—
My voice with that melodious song
Its feeble accents may not blend.

Yet, Holiest ! though I stand apart,
Nor in Thy public worship share ;
Look Thou upon the lonely heart,
That breathes to Thee its silent pray'r.

ON FINDING SOME WITHERED FLOWERS

IN A

VOLUME OF GERMAN MUSIC.

Sweet Flowers, though colourless and dead,
 Preserved with care by female hands ;
 What fragrance still around they shed,
 What thoughts they wake of other lands.
 Were they not gather'd by thy shore
 Tradition's lov'd romantic Rhine ?
 That land which legendary lore
 Has sacred made, as Pilgrim's shrine.
 Methinks 'twas on some sunny day,
 When Heaven pour'd forth rich streams of light,
 Illuming ev'ry ruin gray,
 And gilding ev'ry rocky height ;—
 When the deep murmur of the stream
 Spoke music to the summer breeze,
 Which temp'ring scarce the noon-day beam,
 Yet whispered 'mongst the rustling trees ;—

When ev'ry bank and woody glade
Gave fragrance to the passing air,
From Flow'rs that blooming in the shade,
Unseen exhaled rich odours there:—
Perchance on such a day, the hand
Obey'd the impulse of the heart,
Which not from such a sunny land,
Without some token, would depart.
Why my sick heart should these dead Flowers
Awake such mournful thoughts in thee?
They do not speak to thee of hours
Whose harmless joys have ceased to be.
I know not why, and yet there seems
A sadness in their fragrant breath,
As though they spoke of youth's fond dreams,
Of wither'd hopes, and early death.

TO THE WIND AT NIGHT.

Hush, oh hush! thou raging wind,
Let this weary head repose!
Thou call'st such mournful thoughts to mind,
I fain, in sleep, mine eyes would close.
Why should thy fury make me weep,
And terror haunt the sleepless night?
I have no treasure on the deep,
Abandon'd to thy ruthless might.
No ship, a lov'd one far from me,
Conveys across the trackless wave,
Escaped the dangers of the sea,
To slumber in a foreign grave.
Once thy wild voice might prompt a pray'r,
When breaking on the midnight hour;—
I had a treasure in thy care—
I had—but now I brave thy pow'r!

SONG.

The birds gaily singing,
Sweet bells far off ringing,
And leaves softly whispering to eve's balmy air ;—
Awaken no gladness,
In hearts sunk in sadness,
That cannot cast off the dull burden of care.
Those sweet sounds combining,
But tempt to repining,
Awake but the memory of pleasures long fled,
And thrill the sick heart like the voice of the dead.

A CONVERSATION ON HUNTING.

A.—Check we awhile my Friend our converse grave,
To watch the sun sink down in all the pomp—
The gorgeous splendour of an Autumn eve,
The herald of a day like that just past,
When Summer lingered and looked back, as though
Tempted almost, to cast her glowing charms
Into fast coming Winter's chill embrace.
See how the silvery haze already rises
Up from the steaming earth, and veils the trees,
But reaches not as yet the sky above,
Where cushioned clouds of purple, amber fringed,
Seem like a gorgeous couch spread out, prepared
For slumbering day-light to repose upon.
Beyond,—above a sea of sapphire spreads.
Lo, on the other side the crescent moon
Has launched her sharp canoe for her night voyage;
And one by one bright twinkling stars appear,
(Like smaller barks) to follow in her wake.
'Twill be a glorious morrow for the chase.
The mist that now is mounting by degrees,
And soon will mantle even the face of Heav'n,
At day-break will be sparkling o'er the earth

As if a shower of diamonds in the night
 Had silently come down ;—or the bright sky
 Had dropped its myriad stars upon the plains.
 Oft have I paused, enraptured at the sight
 Some withered leaf that lay upon the path
 Of an October morning's walk presented ;
 And as each fibre gemmed with glittering dew,
 In tracery most exquisite I viewed,—
 Asked whether all the gems Golconda owns,
 Spread out before the eye of Avarice,
 Ev'n with permission to possess their wealth,
 Could wake a sense of joy so keen as that
 With which the sight of Nature's handiwork
 On that dry rustling leaf beneath my feet,
 My bosom filled ? But the autumnal ride
 At early morn, to join the hunting field,
 Excites the spirits by a combination
 Of pleasurable stimulants, which none
 Who love the lazy luxury of bed,
 One moment longer than necessity
 Compels, (the waste of nature to restore)
 Can ever understand. Not such art thou
 Full well I know ; nor food nor sleep for thee
 Forge fetters for the active stirring mind.
 Even the grey beauties of a winter morn
 To thee are preferable to dull sleep,
 Yet wilt thou never share the chase with me.
 Try but for once ; thou canst not know 'tis
 To sit apart and look upon the woods

Clothed in their bright October livery ;—
 The robin chirping, as from bough to bough
 He moves,—but for his joyous note,—his clear
 Bright eyes, and active spring, distinguished scarce,
 Among the brown and scarlet leaves whose hues
 Are but the counterpart of those he wears :—
 The turf o'erspread with beads of glittering dew,
 Save where your prancing horse has brushed it off ;—
 The autumn sun, now shedding golden light
 On all,—now intercepted by the haze,
 Which still in partial drapery hangs around ;—
 The fresh exhilarating morning air,
 Bracing each nerve to sense of keen delight,—
 While ever and anon, from the thick copse,
 The deep mouthed dogs their natural music make.
 At which your watchful horse pricks up his ears,
 And starting, scarce obeys the curb's restraint ;
 But when compelled to stand,—trembling with joy
 And eagerness, with head erect, watches
 With eye and ear the wished for moment, when
 The dogs have found the scent and rushing forth
 Lead on the hunt ;—themselves as closely grouped
 They swiftly scour along,—with spotted coats,
 Low hanging ears, and noses near the ground,—
 A beauteous sight, contrasted with the green
 Of the fresh turf o'er which they run,
 And trees through which now hid, now seen, they
 pass.

Then with a thrill of joy the huntsmen give

Their steeds the rein, and gallop o'er the plain,
 Till the obstructing fence or gate, oblige
 Some to be patient while the others pass.
 The only consolation for the check,
 The opportunity of witnessing
 That noble sight a high bred hunter leap.
 Then the strange thrilling joy with which we face
 The momentary danger, and the pride
 When skill and courage bring us safely through ;—
 Pride in the gallant horse that scorning fear,
 Strains every nerve the hindrance to o'ercome ;
 Pride in ourselves, whose Centaur seat the shock
 Fails to unsettle, and whose practiced hand
 Strained for a second, gives the horse support,
 Then slackened shoots him o'er the obstacle.

B.—I cannot choose but own that you describe
 A scene of thrilling int'rest. But my Friend,
 Has it occurred to you to analyse
 Your pleasant feelings in the hunting field ?
 I must confess that the fresh air, the dew
 That sparkles in an autumn morning's sun,—
 The glory of the changing woods, the song
 Of the domestic robin,—all have charms
 Worth seeking,—yet, to be enjoyed without
 The tumult and excitement of the chase.
 Have you then studied the *philosophy*
 Of those sensations you so warmly paint ?
 Think you the joy the eager Huntsman feels

Is purely physical, arising but
From health, and well braced nerves, which ever
make

Labour a sport,—and danger's self delight ?
Or, does some higher, nobler feeling join
With these, to raise your favorite sport above
The sources of mere animal enjoyment ?

A.—O thou philosopher, most sage ! In truth,
I never thought of the philosophy.
But on the moment I reply,—'tis not
Mere animal enjoyment I so prize.
Something, that if not *spiritual*, partakes
At least of spirit, mingles with joy.
The hardihood, that can despise fatigue,—
The perseverance, that will not turn back
A step, for difficulties in the way,—
And the high courage that will dare to brave
Some danger, even with the odds against ;—
The dogs, the horses,—share these qualities
With man, their haughty master, in the chase.
Yet, are not perseverance, hardihood,
And courage, attributes that can be classed
With those entitled merely animal.
Nor is the pleasure which attends their use,
Mere animal enjoyment. Let us call
The stirring spectacle in all around,
Hounds,—horses,—men,—the sense within ourselves
Of daring courage,—the philosophy
Of our sensations in the hunting field.

If 'tis not so, my Friend, in vain you ask,
Analysis from me of what I feel.

B.—But, does the chase, amid this dazzling show
Of generous spirit and high courage, yield
No room,—no opportunity for fear?

A.—The slavish feeling is as yet unknown
To me. But pardon me, my valued Friend,
If I remark that I have noticed oft,
That sensitive and intellectual men,
Who think, and feel more deeply than the herd,—
And who, like you, are prone to analyse
Whatever passes through the mind, or stirs
The heart's emotions,—never fail to act
With dignity and firmness when the call
Of real peril, courage may require :—
But rarely have I seen that they possess
The nerve, and the high spirit, to enjoy
The sense of danger, and the self reliance,
Of the bold Rider in the hunting field.

B.—You are not then aware that I have been
As wild a Horseman as Lenora's* love ;—
That with the Guasso of the Chilian plains,
I have partaken of the headlong ride,
To choose a courser from the savage herd ;—
Have thrown the lasso o'er him, mid his mates,

* See Bürger's Ballad Lenora.

Casting him on the ground with sudden shock ;
 Then, 'ere his faculties he could retake,
 (Stupified by amazement and by fear,)
 Fitted the ponderous saddle to his back,—
 Fixed in his mouth the sharp restraining bit,—
 And vaulting on his back, with heel and hand,
 Taught him to understand a Master's will ;—
 Galloping to and fro' upon the plain,
 Till he was tame and docile as a dog.
 After a gallant run, I have been first,
 And nearest to the furious stag at bay ;—
 Have seen unmoved the tears run down his face,
 While maddened with despair, he gored the dogs
 With his huge antlers, lengthening thus his life,
 Till I (as desperate as he) rushed in,
 And thrust my hunting knife into his side.
 In Germany, the wild boar's tusk has ripped
 My horse's shoulder, close beside my knee,
 Aiming his fury at myself. In Spain,
 My dexterous hand has flung the cloak upon
 The horns of the infuriated bull,
 Just at the moment when in mad career,
 He stooped his front, to toss me high in air.
 In India, (for thou know'st that I have roved
 O'er all the habitable globe,) I shared
 The dangerous chase of the wild elephant ;
 On one of the same species, tamed, I rode.
 So mounted too, a tiger hunt I viewed,
 And by his ponderous adversary, saw
 Him strangely killed ;—not with the trunk the deed

Was done, but dexterously caught between
 The hind and the fore feet of the elephant,
 And then tossed to and fro, as onwards ran
 The bulky creature, at her swiftest pace,—
 Now, by the massive hindfoot forwards struck,
 Then, by rude contact with the fore thrown back ;
 Beaten to death the mighty savage died.
 In all these wild adventures, my keen joy
 Was heightened by the danger,—not allayed.
 No pity for the sufferings I beheld,—
 No terror for myself I ever knew.
 Now, I have learned to *feel* the agony
 Of fear, the chase inflicts on the pursued,—
 Though to the danger the pursuer runs,
 As ever, I am still indifferent.

A.—My curiosity is roused to hear
 How such a change of feeling was produced.

B.—List then and you shall hear. Once, in the course
 Of my long European wanderings,
 Humour, or accident, (I know not which,)
 Induced me, in a winter of extreme
 Severity, to take up my abode
 In a small humble hamlet, near the base
 Of the snow covered Pyrenees. For weeks
 The snow lay all around so deep, that none
 Their dwellings left, unless constrained by strong
 And irresistible necessity.
 The roads were all blocked up, to carriages

Impassible, and horsemen few were seen.
 At last, the wolves, compelled by famine, came
 Down from the neighbouring heights, and lurked
 around

The outskirts of the village, seeking food.
 The careful shepherd then kept anxious watch
 Over his flock ;—the yet more careful parent,
 Let not his younger children quit his side,
 Lest, to the hunger maddened enemy,
 Their helplessness might fall a sacrifice.
 Here let me say, of all the savage foes
 Which man must guard against, (his subjects once,
 'Ere he had lost that high similitude
 In which he was created,—rebels now,
 Against his delegated power, as he
 Against the majesty supreme of God,)
 Most hateful to my fancy seems the wolf.
 His likeness to the dog, man's faithful guard,
 Makes him appear like a revolted friend,
 (That worst of foes) ;—his stealthy treachery,
 Which scarce an opportunity affords
 For self defence ;—the fearful mode of death
 Which he inflicts upon his victim,—all
 Combine to make the stoutest spirit quail.

A.—You speak my thought:—upon the Lybyan sands
 Were I the tawny lion, face to face,
 Compelled to meet, although in mere brute force
 Unequal to the strife, I would not yield
 My life through slavish fear without an effort.

'The soul, that from the eye of man looks forth
 As from a window, I believe has power
 To overawe the lower animals,
 But that his folly and his vices oft
 Enslave that pure intelligence within,
 Which only him distinguishes from them,—
 Enslave it to the body it should rule.
 Hence, even the blotted and imperfect charter
 Of his nobility, (blotted by him,)
 Unused and useless dwells in his possession ;—
 Hence, only as a brute, he meets the brutes,
 And far inferior then to them,—for they
 As much in strength of body him surpass,
 As he in majesty of mind excels.
 But who can guard against the coward foe,
 That treacherously from behind attacks ?
 From such the only safety is in flight.

B.—Already you have almost reached the point
 On which my argument against the chase
 Depends. Yet hear my tale ;—for had I power
 Of eloquence by language to convey
 That which I have beheld and *felt*, your heart
 Would shudder at the thought of ever more
 Inflicting on a *fellow creature* pangs,
 So keen as those the hunted wretch endures.

A.—Nay, but my Friend I cannot look upon
 Fox, stag, or hare, as fellow, or as mate
 Of mine.

B.— Your *fellow creatures* yet they are ;
 For He who fashioned you, made also them.
 But hear ! While in that village I abode,
 One night in vain I slumber sought. I rose,
 And from the window looked upon the scene
 Of beauty, night and winter made without.
 Dazzlingly white the snow appeared, beneath
 The radiance of a winter moon, then full.
 The humble village street before the house,
 In which I dwelt, lay in a flood of light,
 Poured from a sky where not a cloud appeared.
 Upon the dwelling opposite to mine,
 The glorious radiance of the moonlight rested,
 Making it seem, though in dimensions small
 And rude in form, a fairy palace, built
 Of some material whiter, purer, far
 Than ivory,—than silver more resplendent ;—
 Save where the roof projecting, and the eaves
 And shadows of the chimnies contrast made,—
 (A beauteous contrast) black as ebony.
 A little further on mine eye might reach,
 Where a few trees rose dark against the deep,
 Yet clear blue sky,—which showed their forms
 majestic,
 And every graceful twisting of their boughs,—
 Almost as beautiful, in skeleton
 So seen, as when in all their summer pomp
 Of darkly shadowing green mantles clad.
 Long gazed I there, enraptured at the sight,

Wrought up to such enthusiasm, that scarce
 I noticed the keen pangs in every nerve,
 By the sharp frosty midnight air induced ;—
 So far gained mind, o'er matter, mastery.
 But soon reflections came, which tamed my joy,
 Of those who might be perishing of cold,
 Exposed to that inclement sky ; or if
 In shelter, wanting food and means of warmth.
 Sadly I turned away ;—just then a dull
 Approaching noise broke on the silent night.
 I could distinguish, as it nearer drew,
 A horse's tramp upon the beaten snow,
 Now hard enough to yield a muffled sound.
 Somewhat more distant still, and less distinct,
 But growing fast upon my ear I heard.
 Nearer and nearer still the clamour came,—
 A horseman madly galloped up the street ;—
 Checking his reeking horse, with such a shock,
 That scarce the quiv'ring brute his footing kept,
 Wildly the Traveller from his saddle sprung,
 And at the dwelling opposite to mine
 Knocked like a desperate man. My heart stood
 still,
 For in the coming sound, I recognized
 The howl, and the long gallop of the wolves.
 Full in the moonlight I beheld the face,
 The haggard, pallid, terror stricken face
 Of that most miserable man. The whole
 Passed in an instant, for he dared not wait,

Until the door should be unbarred, so close
 Were his pursuers now upon his steps.
 Again he threw himself upon his horse,
 And spurred the wretched creature, till the blood
 Streamed from his sides, and tracked him through
 the snow.

Once more the weary brute, by terror winged,
 An effort made to fly; though scarce his limbs
 Seemed capable his body to support,
 For that brief moment, when with head hung low,
 And panting sides, (exhaustion mastering fear)
 He stood before the door. With staggering pace,
 He feebly galloped forwards, as the pack
 Of famished wolves came rushing up the street.
 Just as the Master of the dwelling where
 The hapless man had shelter sought, came forth,
 I also reached the street. Both horror struck,
 With straining eyes we gazed upon the chase.
 Still onwards flew the horse and man before,
 Visibly slackening speed,—the wolves dark forms
 Pursuing, and unwearied, gaining ground;
 Now, in the shadows of the houses lost,
 And now, into the open space emerging,—
 Where the moon poured a flood of silver light
 Upon the dazzling snow, stained red with blood,
 That from the horse's sides and nostrils gushed.

A.—Tell me no more, you thrill my heart with horror
 Say not that you beheld him, limb by limb,
 Mangled and torn to pieces by the wolves!

B.—That scene of horror we were spared. They past
 Out of our sight, nor ever knew we more.
 Long after they were gone, I still stood there,
 Speechless, and motionless, as paralysed.
 Oh! in that dreadful moment, when my eyes
 Rested upon that wretched Traveller's face,
I felt the agony of fear that being
 Must undergo, which, hunted by a troop
 Of foes, as merciless as powerful,
 Has not a chance of safety, or escape,
 Except in flight, which must be still maintained,
 With feeble limbs fast failing with fatigue,—
 A heart with anguish and exhaustion bursting ;—
 While frenzied terror still impels the wretch
 A torment to prolong, to which at once
 A period might be put, by standing still,
 And yielding to a fate, which in the end
 Admits of no escape. Then too I learned,
 That though the link of Mind,—intelligence,
 (Or whatsoever we may choose to call it)
 Between the human race and lower tribes,
 As yet has not been ascertained,—their great
 Creator has ordained a closer bond
 Of sympathy betwixt them, than unites
 The higher ranks of spiritual beings
 With Man ;—that tie *in the capacity*
Of suffering may be found. The fallen Angels
 Possess it too, but they by guilt acquired
 The sad distinction. like ourselves ; whereas,
 For aught we know, the lower animals

Are innocent, yet liable to woe.
 Fear, in its worst extremity, of all
 The pangs that mingle agony of mind,
 With suffering physical, to which man's nature
 Subjects him, is the worst ;—such fear as that
 The Traveller underwent, in expectation
 Of an immediate death, in manner so
 Appalling, and impossible to shun.
 What must it be to those inferior tribes,
 Which want Man's intellect to counteract
 Its promptings? *Moral* courage is unknown to
 them,—

(That power by which even feeble Women rise
 Superior to their timorous nature, and
 Though framed with nerves that quiver at a sound
 Too loud, and natural aversion to
 Fatigue and pain, yet, when necessity
 Or duty calls, with firmness danger meet,
 And often overcome it, by the strength
 Of mind that curbs the body's feebleness ;)—
 Their bravery is mere *brute* courage ; so
 Is also that of Man when it depends
 Upon the consciousness of strength alone.
 When such a hero his superior finds,
 Or sickness tames his spirits, and lets down
 His nerves, a very coward he becomes.

A.—'Tis true, there is a difference wide between
 The courage of mere body and of mind.

But with the brute creation, death concludes
All suffering,—they have nought to fear beyond.

B.—As little have they any thing to hope.
Nor think it an excuse to torture them,
That when they die there is an end of all !
Life is to them the first and best of boons.
Freedom from pain is happiness enough,
For those who know no mental joy or care.

A.—And yet the hound is formed to hunt the prey.
The fox, the hare, the stag, to seek in flight
Their safety. Such an adaptation sure,
Was never made by Providence for nought.
Methinks it is permitted us to use
The swiftness of the dog, his accurate scent,
And his docility, to catch the prey,
For which these qualities him best befit.

B.—If you were starving, and without the means
Nature to satisfy, it were allowed.
But recollect ! when Adam kept his first
Estate, dominion over all the tribes,
Of water, air, and earth, was given to him.
With majesty of intellect endowed,
To be their master, though inferior far
To many of the brutes in power,—he walked
On earth, vicegerent of the King of kings.
Yet was there no permission granted then,

Life to destroy,—Man had not leave to shed
 The blood of any creature, nor the beasts
 Had licence Man's to spill.* A new decree,
 Promulgated much later, liberty
 Gave to the human race to slay and eat.†
 But search the Book of Life, and you shall find
 Precepts of mercy to the brute creation,
 Thick strewn among its laws.

A.— Yet we destroy
 The reptile and the insect tribes by wholesale.
 And who can call it sin, to rid our dwellings
 Of all the noxious vermin that would swarm,—
 To property injurious, and to sight
 Disgusting, did we let them there abide?

B.—Since there is warfare now, between the race
 Of Man, and lower creatures, we may slay
 Those, who have power to injure us in aught.
 To slay,—but not to torture, Man has leave.
 But truly 'tis a sight from which I shrink,
 When Woman's slender foot, or feeble hand
 Unhesitatingly can death inflict,
 Upon some creature, guiltless of a crime,
 Save that it is unsightly to the eye.
 If only life we took, for self defence,
 For needful food, or to avoid annoyance,—
 Myriads of harmless creatures might live out

* Genesis, chap. i, v. 28.

† Ibid. chap. ix, v. 2 & 3

Their span of life, that now untimely die.
 The birds are killed because they take their share
 Of the abundant fruits, so plenteously
 Provided for their use, as well as ours.
 How many beauteous insects hover o'er
 Bloom, not more elegant in form, nor dyed
 With tints more bright than they ; themselves, like
 flowers.

Endued with sense and motion, or yet more
 To fancy, like the spirits of the flowers,
 Whose livery they wear. It is a vain,
 Yet not an impious thought, (for gratitude
 And love it prompts,) that flowers were made so
 fair,

Only to furnish Man with a delight,
 As pure as 'tis intense. Utility,
 Mingles with loveliness, in all the works
 Of the All-wise and infinitely Good.
 The flowers that please Man's senses, by their bright
 And graceful forms, and fragrance, and suggest,
 Thus, speaking through the organs of his body,
 Thoughts, sweet and holy, to the soul within—
 (To many, seeming thus abundantly
 Their mission to fulfil,)—perform a part
 Of humble usefulness ; for they are food
 For the bright creatures that about them sport.
 (Upon the air we breathe, their influence
 Is also beneficial ; for they need
 The very qualities to nourish them,
 And paint their gorgeous garments, which retained,

Would render it unfit for animal life.)
 Yet we destroy the living works of God,
 Which He created to enjoy the air,
 The sun, and the delicious nourishment,
 Which His all-bounteous hand provides for them,—
 Destroy them, for that they are mischievous,
 And frustrate all the Gardener's anxious cares.
 O let us worship God in *all* His works !
 And not in admiration only,—love,
 Yes love, for even the meanest thing He made,
 Is the fit homage to present to Him.
 The Infinite, the Wonderful, Almighty,
 Has deigned to form a chain through all His works,
 By which the meanest insect that has life,
 By links in numberless succession, is
 United to Himself. Start not, as though
 My lips had utterance given to words profane !
 Vague, and indefinite, indeed may be
 Our speculations, on the nature of
 Those higher ranks of Beings, that fill up
 The interval, between the human race,
 And the All-glorious God, the Lord of all.
 Doubtless, between the highest Seraphim,
 And Cherubim, that veil their faces, when
 They sing that song the loved Disciple heard,
 And Him who sits upon the throne, exists
 A wider space, than that which separates
 Man, from the meanest worm he treads upon.
 But when the Son of God, vouchsafed to take
 Humanity into Divinity,

He raised the highest rank of mortal nature,
 ('The race of Man)—above those essences
 Spiritual, that throng the courts of Heaven ;
 And riveted the final link, between
 The Infinite Creator, and His works.
 Here let me pause, for such a train of thought
 Arises to my mind,—visions so vast—
 That should I to imagination give
 The rein, (imagination not without
 Some sanction, and support from Holy Writ,
 And natural reason,) I might wander far,
 From that with which our converse first began ;—
 And so might lose the humble lesson taught
 By the (else worthless) speculations, which
 Have exercised our intellects, and made
 Our evening walk so full of pure enjoyment.

A.—So far at least that lesson I have learned,
 That though as yet, I cannot follow out
 Your views upon this subject, to their full
 Extent,—the fox, to-morrow will have one the less
 Pursuer,—for I will not join the hunt.

SONNETS.

I.

Upon a grassy bank, at close of day,
An aged and weary Traveller reclined ;
Sad was his state, for he was poor and blind,
His limbs were shrunken, and his hair was grey.
His infant guide had left his side in play,
And, while the evening breeze his ringlets fann'd,
Chased a bright butterfly, with cap in hand,
Which, still pursuit eluding, flew away.
And as I paused to gaze, sad thoughts arose,
Nor could I tell which most that pity moved,
By which mine eyes with tears were overflow'd ;
Him, for whom life was nearly at its close,
Who all the suff'rings of the path had proved,
Or him, who had but entered on the road.

The time is come, when I must lay ye by,
Ye sable garments, outward signs of woe,
Vain blazonment of grief, that passeth show
Of memory, that shuns the public eye !
Now Sorrow, custom gives thee leave to fly,
To those deep chambers in the heart sunk low,
Whose mysteries no mortal eye may know,
There hid, as in a tomb for ever lie !
Come Time, thou wonder worker, do thy part !
Thou, who art famed for influence on pain,
Which thou canst only exercise on joy !
As save to hide, upon those works of art,
Which once adorn'd proud Thebes, thy pow'r is vain,
So canst thou bury Sorrow,—not destroy.

III.

JULY 1833.

O unexpected stroke, worse than of death !

Must I then leave thee Paradise ?

PARADISE LOST.

The cry of grief that broke from hapless Eve,
The tears that from her eyes began to flow,—
To him who spoke Heaven's mission, told her woe,
The tidings of her exile to receive.

Yet, Mourner ! little was thy cause to grieve,
Compared with that thy hapless children know,
When doom'd by Fate from a lov'd home to go,
And all that made it dear, behind to leave.

The sole remaining joy of that blest place,
Affection, which not Sin itself could shake,
Went with thee, to console thy ev'ry care.
That voice of kindness and that loving face,
A Paradise of any clime might make,
For one who did not leave a Mother there.

IV.

OCTOBER 1833.

Las flores del romero

Niña Isabel

Hoy son flores azules

Mañana seran miel.

GONGORA.

The blossoms of the bitter rosemary,
 Those simple flow'rets blue, this moment blown,
 Before another day has o'er them flown,
 With purest honey will enrich the bee.
 Hast thou no honey, sharp Adversity?
 O pining Sickness, wilt thou ne'er atone,
 With one sweet drop among the bitter thrown,
 Of that sad lot which thou hast made for me?
 Yet, does the flower its honey drop bestow,
 In recompense on those who seek, alone,
 And thou perchance hast treasur'd sweets ev'n so.
 Like the wise insect, I will careful be,
 And hope, though all be bitterness below,
 To taste the honey in Eternity.

V.

AUGUST 1836.

IN MEMORY OF MARGARITA DE CONCILJ,

On plucking a Rose of the sort which flourishes beside Virgil's
Tomb, at Pæstum.

Forgive, O shade of Maro, if less glows
My heart with thought of thee, when I behold
This rose, whose sister flow'rs their bloom unfold
Beside the tomb where thy remains repose,
Than of that gentle one, whose patient woes
At length, have laid in the sepulchre cold,
All of her nature that the earth could hold,
When her pure spirit to the skies arose.
Near the Elysian scenes thy fancy deemed,
Of spirits blest the realm, her youth past by,
Till love-inspired she shared an Exile's doom.
To brighter scenes than e'er thy genius dreamed,
Heav'n called her soul when 'neath a foreign sky,
She died, far from her cradle and thy tomb.

VI.

CONTINUED.

Would that upon her lowly grave, my hand
Might place this fragrant rose, like her the child
Of a more genial clime, and lovelier land ;
Meet emblem there to bloom of virtues mild,
Which, nursed in peace and joy, could yet withstand
Adversity's sharp trial, when exiled
Their native home, ev'n as the perfume bland,
And bright hues of this flow'r, beneath our wild
North winds, retain their charms, nor seem to want
More balmy breezes, or less cloudy skies.
Then might one Mourner's tears bedew the plant,
(Whose all of earthly joy there buried lies,)
Till pitying Heav'n the wish'd for call shall grant,
To share his Margarita's Paradise.

VII.

AUGUST 1836.

WRITTEN IN A GARDEN.

Bright blossoms ye my weary spirits bless,
With sweet and holy thoughts, whene'er I view,
Your silent beauty glorify no less
My God, than man doth yielding homage due.
Oh ! would that I, frail creature, powerless,
By active zeal my Maker's work to do,
Might bear my lot with such meek loveliness,
And passive will as I behold in you.
The conflict I endure you never know,
Obedient to your task, by Heav'n assigned,
You bloom and fade, where nature bade you grow ;
Nor conscious of an active struggling mind,
Lodged in a frame worn out with pain and woe,
Pine for a sphere of duty less confined.

VIII.

August 7, 1836.

“ THE NAME OF JESUS.”

Consider, O my soul, what signifies
That simple word, to thee all names above,
That it should all thy faculties surprize,
And thy whole being to sensations move
Of wonder ever new, and joy, and love.
No sign of aught ambitious men do prize,
Of wealth, or joys, which haughty spirits prove,
When fame doth speak their glory to the skies ;
It speaks of One the world did once despise,
Who, for thy sake, with shame and sorrow strove ;
Who lived, unhonour'd by the worldly wise,
To make thee skilled in wisdom from above,
And died in torment, that his Name might be
A pledge of everlasting life to thee !

IX.

JUNE 1837.

TO QUEEN ADELAIDE IN AFFLICTION.

Some of thy sex, who, to a private state,
Their lowly wishes willingly confine,
Perchance, but ill could sympathize with thine,
When regal grandeur on thy steps did wait.
Yet well, when Fortune smiled propitious late,
Might those, who saw thy virtues feminine,
So far the splendour of thy rank outshine,
Forget, that one so good was also great.
But thou art now a Mourner, and thy woe
All female hearts can share, while they adore
That Power, who, to their love such strength has given,
Extremity of grief to undergo,
Nor sink beneath fatigue or pain, before
The Loved, prayer-wafted pass the gates of heaven.

X.

JUNE 1837.

THE NEMOPHILA INSIGNIS.

Modest, yet fair,
Like virtue, thriving most, where little seen.
COWPER.

I look on thee, thou lover of the grove,
And Fancy bears me to a quiet scene,
Of woodland beauty, shadowy and green,
Such as to image to myself, I love.
Hark ! how melodiously the breezes move,
With murmurs musical, the boughs between :
While ever and anon the leafy screen,
Parting, gives glimpses of the sky above.
Just where the forest gloom less dense is made,
By interstices in the thick-grown wood,
The sunlight rests upon a verdant glade ;
There might'st thou flourish, like the lowly Good,
Content through life to dwell conceal'd from view,
Tho' clothed in loveliness of Heaven's own hue.

As some worn ship for Indian harbours bound,
On Afric's coast detained for many a day,
Tossed to and fro' to adverse winds a prey,
Strives vainly the tempestuous Cape to round ;—
Now, for a time, by sea and storm impelled,
True to her course, she dashes through the spray ;
Then, sudden forced to tack, she flies away,
Again to try—again to turn compelled.
So my frail bark of life long tossed, (alas !)
On waves with which its strength was small to cope,
With groaning spars, and scarce of sail a shred,
Struggles thy Cape of Storms,* O Death ! to pass ;—
Through Him, I trust, a passage of Good Hope,
Who through thy horrors once the way has led.

* The Cape of Good Hope was called by early voyagers, the
"Cape of Storms."

XII.

APRIL 1833.

FROM THE SPANISH OF BARTOLOMÉ DE
ARGENSOLA.

Thou common Parent! since 'tis thine alone,
To be supremely just, how looks thine eye
With patience on the innocent, who sigh
In chains, while Fraud, triumphant, mounts the throne?
Who nerves the arm, that only strong is shown,
Thy righteous laws so firmly to defy?
While he who yields them rev'rence due, must lie
Beneath th' oppressor's feet, and vainly groan.
We see victorious wreaths of laurel bind
The temples of the guilty, who rejoice
In triumphs won by suff'ring Virtue's tears.
So thought I, vainly,—when a heav'nly voice
This mild rebuke breathed softly to mine ears,
“Has then the soul no home but earth, thou Blind?”

XIII.

MAY 1834.

IDEM.—GARCILASO DE LA VEGA.—SONNET 26.

The frail foundation to the earth is thrown,
Which was my weary life's support and stay.
Oh! how much happiness a single day
Destroys, what hopes upon the winds are flown!
How vain, how idly wasted thought is shown,
Whene'er to happiness it dares to stray!
Presumption's penalty my hopes must pay,
New pangs for each a thousand fold atone.
Most oft I yield myself an easy prey;
But sometimes strive with rage and strength renew'd,
Sufficient piled up mountains low to lay.
One sole desire, which will not be subdued,
Still prompts the wish to see another day,
One whom 'twere better never to have view'd.

XIV.

IDEM.—GARCILASO DE LA VEGA.—SONNET 36.

As thro' a lonely vale I chanced to stray,
Where other steps than mine, none trod the ground ;
I paused to mark the actions of a hound,
Which shewed excessive sorrow and dismay.
Now wildly rushing on, he took his way ;
Now with loud cries he made the air resound ;
Now went, now stopp'd, now circling round and round ;
At length o'ercome, outstretch'd, as dead, he lay.
'Twas that in vain the steps he tried to trace,
Of his lov'd Master, sever'd from his side.
Of absence—here behold the bitter pain !
Moved to compassion, by his mournful case,
“ Be patient dog,”—in pitying tones, I cried,
“ Though absent, see my reason I retain !”

XV.

Nov. 1837.

IDEM.—INEZ DE CRUZ.

Why dost thou persecute me, World unkind,
What my offence, if only I desire
My mind in Beauty's graces to attire,
Nor would on Beauty's graces set my mind?
Nor wealth, nor treasures my esteem can bind;
And thus I seek contentment more entire,
When I to store my mind with wealth aspire,
Than, if on treasured wealth I set my mind.
I little value Beauty, which one day,
A certain spoil to age is doomed to be,
Nor hath false wealth the power my mind to sway;
For better in good truth it seems to me,
The vanities of life to waste away,
Than to consume my life in vanity.

XVI.

MARCH 1833.

FROM THE PORTUGUESE OF CAMOENS.

What would ye, restless wishes, hopes insane,
With one, too oft deceived by you before ?
Time, once departed, can return no more,
And if it could, youth never comes again.
O Life ! thou'rt so capricious, and so vain,
'Tis well thy rapid course so soon is o'er ;
Our pleasures change the garb, that once they wore,
Nor even our wishes, what they were, remain.
Another seems the hope, I eager chased
In former days, so changed my riper view ;—
So soon all earthly joys must pall the taste !
An adverse fate, and time departed ;—two
In enmity to sweet content, embraced,
Forbid me now the hope of pleasures new.

XVII.

FROM THE ITALIAN OF PETRARCA.—SONNET 229.

Fallen is the lofty column, and the tree
That form'd a shelter for my weary thought ;
Lost have I, that which shall in vain be sought
Thro' earth's circuit, and from sea to sea.
Death of my two-fold treasure, rifles me,
Which pride, at once, and sweet contentment brought ;
Nor can its restoration e'er be bought,
By Eastern gems, or wealth's wide mastery.
But since so harsh a doom, stern fate ordains,
What then to me, but ever-flowing tears,
A downcast brow, and heavy heart, remains ?
Oh ! in this life, that fair to view appears,
How lose we in a moment, what with pains
To win, required the lapse of many years !

XVIII.

IDEM.—SONNET 309.

My faithful mirror oft to me doth say,
My weary spirits and my alter'd frame,
And failing strength and skill repeat the same ;
Cheat not thyself—thy Youth has past away !
'Tis best in all things, nature to obey,
Tho' Time doth urge us to resist her claim.
As quickly then, as water quenches flame,
From heavy sleep, in which long time I lay,
I wake, and see how from us life doth speed,
That more than once, we cannot be on earth ;
And my heart echoes back the words of her
Who from her mortal bondage now is freed ;
Who, living, so excelled her sex in worth,
The palm she bore from all, or else I err.

XIX.

MENZONI.—SONET I.

“ Quando Gesu con l’ultimo lamento,” &c.

When the expiring Saviour’s last lament,
Unlock’d the tombs, and shook each mountain height,
The first of men, bewilder’d, somnolent,
Uprais’d his head, and starting, stood upright.
Wild looks of wonder, mingled with affright,
Around his dark and troubled eyeballs sent ;
Who then was He, a prey to sinful spite,
(He trembling asked) who hung there, bleeding, spent ?
When he had learned, upon his pallid cheek,
His hoary head, and wrinkled forehead high,
His hand repentant, shame and wrong did wreak.
Then turning to his Consort, while his cry,
Reverberated from each mountain peak,
“ For thee,” he said, “ I doomed My Lord to die.”

TRANSLATIONS.

FROM THE ITALIAN

L'INFERNO.—CANTO 27.

DANTE.

“Poscia che'l fuoco alquanto ebbe rugghiato,” &c.

Forth—when the flame a bellowing noise had sent,
 In its own fashion and from side to side,
 The point acute was moved, these sounds found vent.
 Thought I it possible, that I replied,
 To one who evermore the world should see,
 Unmoved, this flame should rest, nor more divide.
 But since to leave this pit none e'er was free,
 And to the earth return, if truth I hear,
 Fearless of infamy, I answer thee.
 A Warrior first, I then turned Cordelier ;
 So garbed, I thought a sinful life to mend.
 With my soul's welfare nought did interfere,

Till the Arch Priest, on whom may ill attend !

Back to my sinful state did me restore.

To learn the why, and how, attention lend !

Whilst I of flesh, and bone, a covering wore,

The lion's nature influenced not my heart,

But I the cunning fox resembled more.

So well I knew to practise every art,

So well could make each cunning scheme avail,

My fame was spread to Earth's most distant part.

Now, when the powers of life began to fail,

And I was at that age, when all men ought

The cordage make secure and shorten sail ;

What pleased me once, now only anguish brought.

Repentant, I confessed my faults with grief,

Ah, woe is me ! it has availed me nought.

Of the new sect of Pharisees, the Chief,

Who near the Lateran, had war in hand,

(And not with Jews, or foes of our belief,

For each was Christian in th' opposing band ;

None had at Acre raised the victor's cry,

Nor any trafficked in the Soldan's land.)

Nor holy orders, nor his office high,

He heeded, nor my rope, and habit poor,

Whose use their wearer is to mortify.

As Constantine,* at Mount Sirat, a cure
 Sought from Sylvester, for his leprosy,
 So did he seek, for his Pride's calenture,
 As from a Master, remedy from me.
 When counsel he demanded, I was dumb,
 For breathed in jest I deemed his words to be.
 He said, " Let not suspicion near thee come,
 " From sin I thee absolve, for evermore,
 " Teach me but Penestrino to o'ercome.
 " Thou know'st 'tis mine to shut and ope Heaven's
 door ;
 " Two are the keys, whose value was not great,
 " With him, who carried them, my time before."
 Then I, urged by such arguments of weight,
 Saw silence was the worst of courses twain ;
 " Father," I said, " Since thou this sinful state
 " Canst cleanse, in which I now must fall again,
 " Know that a promise long, and short delay,
 " Shall triumph on thy Throne for thee obtain."
 St. Francis came for me, when dead I lay ;
 But one of the dark cherubs too was there,

* This passage alludes to the legend which asserts that Constantine was cured of leprosy by St. Sylvester, and afterwards received baptism from his hands.

Who said, "Thou wrongst me, take him not away ;
 " His doom, my wretched Vassals' lot to share
 " Is now, because he counselled craftily,
 " And from that moment I have grasped his hair.
 " He who repents not, ne'er absolved can be,
 " Nor suits the will to sin, repentance true.
 " Too strong that contradiction to agree ! "
 How shrunk I, when to seize me near he drew,
 And said, " Perchance thou didst not think to find
 " That I so well the art of logic knew ! "
 Me he to Minos bore ; his tail he twined
 Eight times upon his back ; and then with ire
 Devoured, he thus my punishment assigned.
 " This sinner's doom is to be wrapt in fire."
 'Twas thus my soul was lost, and here confined.

The foregoing is Guido da Montefeltro's reply to Dante's enquiry, Who he was, &c. He joined that Brotherhood of St. Francis called Cordeliers, from the rope worn round the waist.

Pope Boniface VIII. sent for Guido to enquire how he should take Pellestrina or Preneste, (a strong place in the Campagna di Roma) in the possession of the Colonna party. He advised him to promise much and wait for nothing.

IDEM.

CANZONETTA.—TASSO.

Whilst thou, my star, art gazing
On skies with planets blazing,
Yon Heav'n I fain would be,
Upon mine eyes to see,
Thine fix that gaze untiring,
Now beaming towards the skies ;
And view with looks admiring
Thy thousand beauties with a thousand eyes.

FROM THE SPANISH.

CALDERON DE LA BARCA.

Soon as the bird has fledg'd those wings
 That give him loveliness so rare,
 A blossom wing'd he floats on air,
 And thro' the vault of Ether springs—
 While mounting up he gaily sings,
 No fond regrets disturb his breast,
 No mem'ry of the parent nest,
 Which carelessly he leaves behind,—
 Oh! why should I, with more of mind,
 With less of liberty be blest?

Scarce has the savage beast obtained
 The skin, with beauteous spots bedight,
 (A constellation of the night,)
 By Nature's cunning hand ingrain'd;—
 When by Necessity constrain'd,
 He learns, by Hunger's pangs possess'd,
 For prey, the thicket to infest,
 Or, watching for the wand'rer lie;—
 With better instinct, why must I,
 With less of liberty be blest?

'The slime-bred offspring of the sea,
 Which breathes not, scarce begins to float
 Upon the waves, a scaly boat,
 Till, o'er the wide spread waters, he
 Glides where he will—unfetter'd, free,
 As his cold nature may suggest ;—
 And I, of warmer life possest,
 With power of choosing good or ill
 With reason—wherefore must I still,
 With less of liberty be blest ?

Scarcely, the streamlet, like a snake,
 A silvery snake, uncoils his length
 Amid the flowers, 'ere gaining strength,
 Along the plain his way to take,
 His gentle murmurs music make,
 'Mid rustling leaves, and blossoms drest
 In varied hues, his power confest,
 To take his course, where'er he will ;
 With more of life,—why must I still,
 With less of liberty be blest ?

IDEM.

ROMANCE.

- “ Since thy noble steed is slain,
“ Mine, my King, will bear thee well ;
“ If thy limbs from weakness fail thee,
“ I will lift thee to the selle.
- “ Place one foot upon the stirrup,
“ My hands the other shall sustain ;
“ Haste ! thy foes are gath’ring round thee,
“ Save thyself, tho’ I be slain.
- “ A little tender is his mouth,
“ Lightly rein’d, he will not err ;
“ Let no timid cares restrain thee,
“ Give him head, nor spare the spur.
- “ Do not think thyself my Debtor,
“ That I aid thee in this thing ;
“ Such a service is but duty,
“ From a Vassal to his King.

“ If I such a duty owe thee,
 “ No Castilian e’er shall say,
 “ To the shame of these grey hairs,
 “ That I fail’d my debt to pay.

“ Nor the Women of Castile,
 “ Shall have the power to say I fled,
 “ In safety from the battle field,
 “ Where their noble Lords lay dead.

“ My Diego I to thee commend,
 “ Think of him for sake of me ;
 “ Be his Father and Protector,
 “ So may God be shield to thee !”

Thus the brave Montañes, Lord
 Of Hita and Butrago, cried,
 To his Sovereign John the First ;—
 Then turn’d, and bravely fighting, died.

IDEM.

THE CID'S FAREWELL, ON HIS DEPARTURE TO
FIGHT WITH BUCAR.

- “ If with mortal wounds o’ercome,
“ I should perish in the strife,
“ To San Pedro de Cardeña
“ Bear my corse my faithful Wife.
- “ If thou e’er wouldst prosperous be,
“ In a tomb let me be laid,
“ Near the altar of St. James,
“ Who is wont our arms to aid.
- “ Care not thou to mourn for me,
“ Lest good people all should go,
“ From my territories flying,
“ When they see my arm is low.
- “ Do not let the Moors discover
“ Aught of feebleness in thee ,
“ The battle cry, ‘ To arms—to arms,’
“ My fittest fun’ral rites will be.

- “ And Tizona, my good sword,
 “ Now within my right hand grasp’d,
 “ Never let it be dishonor’d,
 “ Nor by hand of Woman clasp’d.
- “ If Bavioca my good horse,
 “ With empty selle, and flying rein,
 “ Neighing to your gate should come,
 “ (God perchance may so ordain,)—
- “ Open to him, and caress him,
 “ Never let him want his food ;
 “ Such reward he may expect,
 “ Who has served a Master good.
- “ Thy hand shall aid to clasp my armour,
 “ Breast-piece, greaves, and gauntlets steel’d,
 “ My shoulder-piece, arm-pieces, spurs,
 “ My helm,—and bring my lance and shield.
- “ When the dawning-day shall break,
 “ And the Moors upon me press,
 “ Breathe a blessing on my arms,
 “ And bend the knee for my success.”

Thus Rodrigo sallied forth,
 From Valencia’s walls, to meet
 The Moorish King in mortal fight,
 God speed and send him safe retreat.

IDEM.

THE CID'S RETURN.

To San Pedro de Cardena,
The Noble Cid returns from far,
From Valencia comes the Hero,
With laurels gain'd in Moorish war.

The warlike trumpets loudly sounding,
Give warning that the Victor comes ;
And now is heard Bavicca's neighing
Above the clamour of the drums.

The Abbot and the Monks come forth,
The Warrior at the gates to meet ;
With grateful praise to God, the Cid,
With many a welcome home, they greet.

Dismounted from his steed he paused,
His standard in his hand to take,
And 'ere he went within the church,
In words like these he spakd.

- “ O holy Temple ! I went forth
 “ From thee, an exile from my home
 “ By strangers flattered and received,
 “ Again to visit thee, I come.
- “ My King, Alphonso, banished me,
 “ Because, by me constrain’d, he took,
 “ At Santagadea, an oath,
 “ More rig’rous than his pride could brook.
- “ The laws, (they were the people’s laws,)
 “ Were not a whit transgress’d by me,
 “ As faithful Vassal of my King,
 “ I set him from suspicion free.
- “ O envious—thankless Countrymen !
 “ How ill the services ye pay,
 “ Of my defending sword, whose use,
 “ Has spread the limits of your sway.
- “ Lo ! now I place beneath your rule,
 “ New frontiers, and a kingdom new,
 “ Nor shun to give the lands I win
 “ (Though banish’d now from yours) to you.
- “ Your baseness but has given me pow’r,
 “ The more to stangers to proclaim,
 “ I am Rodrigo de Bivar,
 “ Worthy to bear Castilian name.

IDEM.

ROMANCE.*

-
- “ Abenamar, Abenamar,
 “ Thou Moor of Moorish line !
 “ The day when thou wert born was marked
 “ By many a wondrous sign.

 “ The moon was at the full,—
 “ A calm lay on the sea ;—
 “ The Moor whose birth such signs attend
 “ A Liar dare not be.”

 ’Twas thus the Moor replied,
 His answer you shall hear,
 “ My life if purchased by a lie,
 “ O King, were bought too dear.

 “ My Father was a Moor,
 “ His Wife a Christian Slave ;
 “ My Mother, still as Child and Youth.
 “ This maxim to me gave ;—
-

* This old Romance probably suggested Chateaubriand’s “ Le Roi don Juan,” &c. See page 164, “ Don Juan the King.”

“ That I should never tell a lie,

“ It was so base a thing.

“ Then ask me what thou wilt, for I

“ The truth will speak, O King.”

“ I thank thee Moor, Abenamar,

“ For this thy courtesy ;

“ What lofty and resplendent towers

“ Are those, now tell to me ?”

“ That palace is the Alhambra,

“ The Mosque too rises there ;—

“ And there the Alijares stand.

“ Of workmanship most rare.

“ The Moor who wrought upon them gained

“ A hundred coins each day

“ He wrought,—just so much gold he lost

“ The day he staid away.

“ The Generalife gardens

“ Are peerless on this earth ;

“ And see the red towers yonder rise,

“ A fortress of great worth !”

Then spoke the King Don Juan,

These very words spoke he,

“ If thou Granada wilt consent

“ To wed thyself to me,

“ I’ll give thee Seville and Cordova,

“ Thy appanage to be.”

“ I am a Wife, great Monarch,
“ Not widowed is my state ;
“ He loves me well, who keeps me thus,
“ 'The Moor who is my Mate.”

The foregoing (together with the three other Romances from the Spanish, in this Volume,) is written, in the original, in the species of versification called *Redondillas*, supposed by some to be derived from the Moors. It has neither rhyme nor established metre, and is notwithstanding perhaps the most melodious verse in the world. To preserve the simplicity in a translation is difficult, the Spanish language alone is capable of the natural music of the sound.

IDEM.

THE BEAR, THE MONKEY, AND THE HOG.

From Yriarte's " Fabulas Literarias."

A Bear, whose tricks a living earn'd
 For his Proprietor, one day
 The dance he not too well had learn'd
 Wished to the Public to display.

Expecting praise, he turn'd to ask
 A Monkey, who in truth had skill,
 If he had well perform'd his task ?
 The other answer'd " Very ill."

" Methinks," replied th' offended Bear,
 " You must be somewhat hard to please.
 " How ! have I not a polish'd air ?
 " Do I not step with grace and ease ?"

A Hog, who also stood beside,
 Had lost in admiration been !
 " Dancing so excellent," he cried,
 " Has never yet, nor will be seen."

The Dancer heard the compliment,
Immediately his pride was tamed ;
He with a modest gesture bent
His head, and humbly thus exclaim'd :

“ When first the Monkey found such fault,
“ I was inclin'd to doubt my skill ;
“ But by the Hog's false praises taught,
“ I own, I must dance very ill.”

This maxim let each Author know
And take it for his certain rule,
The censure of the Wise is woe,
But worse th' approval of the Fool.

IDEM.

THE GANDER AND THE SERPENT.

IDEM.

A silly Gander stood beside
 A mill-pond's edge, and thus he cried :
 " What living creature does Heav'n bless,
 " With pow'rs so great as I possess ?
 " Earth,—water,—air,—I can command ;
 " When tired of walking on the land,
 " With outspread wings the air I skim,
 " Or through the yielding waters swim."

A crafty Serpent chanced to hear,
 And hissing—called the Boaster near.
 " What right," he cried, " hast thou to brag ?
 " Thou run'st not like the agile Stag,
 " Nor fliest, as flies the Falcon brave,
 " Nor like the Barbel cleav'st the wave."

Thus be it known to all who learn,
 'Tis not enough, the meed to earn,
 Something of ev'ry thing to know,
 If excellence in none they show.

IDEM.

THE FAN, THE MUFF, AND THE PARASOL.

IDEM.

If every thing to seem to know,
 Ridiculous presumption show ;—
 Yet in one only to have skill,
 An equal fault is reckoned still.

It chanced upon a certain day,
 That on a table talking lay
 A Parasol, who thus began
 His converse with a Muff and Fan ;
 In just such language as of old,
 The Pot and Kettle used to hold,
 Rebuking his companions two ;
 “ What useful ornaments are you !
 “ With Winter, Muff, thy use is flown,
 “ In Summer in a corner thrown.
 “ Thou Fan, art worthless when the heat
 “ Is forced by Winter to retreat,
 “ You can but serve a single turn ;—
 “ With shame of me a lesson learn,
 “ Who when the Summer Sun is warm,
 “ My part as Parasol perform,
 “ And as Umbrella can defend,
 “ In Winter when the rains descend.”

IDEM.

THE ASS AND HIS MASTER,

IDEM.

“ The good and bad is equally appreciated,
 “ When offered to the vulgar, and uneducated.
 “ I give the worst and gain their approbation.”
 This of his errors was the exculpation,
 A Writer of indecent farces offered ;
 His words the ear of a sly poet greeted,
 Who in such terms as these an answer proffered :

“ A cruel Master cried,
 “ When his meek Ass with straw for food he treated,
 “ ‘ Take it, since thou canst so be satisfied.’
 “ When many times the same he had repeated,
 “ The Ass, provoked, one day made answer, ‘ Think
 ‘ not,
 “ ‘ Because I take that which to give me, thee it
 ‘ pleases,
 “ ‘ That straw alone my appetite appeases :
 “ ‘ Try me with grain, to feed on that I shrink not.’ ”

Let not the public servant this o’erlook,
 When falsely he the public taste accuses ;
 That if when straw is offered, straw it took,
 It never grain to eat, when given, refuses.

FROM THE NORMAN FRENCH.

SIRVENTE,

WRITTEN IN PRISON BY RICHARD CŒUR DE LION.

Alas ! though I, a Captive, pine in vain
 To tell with skill the sorrows of my chain,
 Some comfort, from a song, I may obtain.
 My friends are many, but no aid I gain,
 Shame will be theirs if I should yet remain,
 Two years a Captive still.

My Barons know—my men of Normandy—
 Of England too—Poictou and Gascony—
 I have no friend, how poor soe'er he be,
 Whom I would leave in long captivity.
 I would not tax them with disloyalty,
 Yet,—I am Captive still.

Full well I see a Captive has no more
 A friend 'mongst those who were so fond before,
 Since less my life they value than their store.
 My people must endure dishonour sore,
 If, e'er my sad imprisonment is o'er,
 I die,—a Captive still

It is no wonder that my heart should ache,
 While Francee such havock in my lands can make.
 Oh ! did he think on me, for that oath's sake
 Which we so solemnly did jointly take,
 Full soon would he these shameful fetters break,
 Nor I be—Captive still.

Full well each Vassal of my sceptre knows,
 Whose land with health and wealth now overflows,
 That, far away, I pine amid my foes ;
 They well might aid, but care not for my woes.
 From noble feats of arms they now repose,
 For I am—Captive still.

To those companions whom I've loved so long,
 Of Percheram and others say, O song,
 Their faith to me they show has not been strong,
 Ne'er has my heart towards them been false or wrong,
 Base are they if they war, my foes among,
 While I am Captive still.

ROMANCE.

From the French of CHATEAUBRIAND.

Don Juan the King gave his courser the rein,
He saw on the mountain Granada of Spain ;
A moment he gazed, then " Fair City," he cried,
" With heart and with hand I will make thee my Bride.
" Yes—first I will wed thee, and then bring to thee,
" Cordova and Seville—thy handmaids to be.
" Magnificent jewels, as tokens of love
" And robes of a Queen, my affection shall prove."
" Great Monarch of Leon," Granada replied,
" I am bound to the Moor, and already a Bride :
" My gems are too glorious, for thine to entice,
" My children, more precious than jewels of price."
Thus once did'st thou answer, in anger and scorn !
Oh, anguish ! Granada the false is forsworn.
The home of the last Abencerage is giv'n
To a Christian, his foe !—It was written in Heav'n.
Oh, beauteous Alhambra ! oh, Palace of Good !
Oh, City of Fountains ! oh, Green Margin'd Flood !
The Moor from his noble inheritance driv'n,
'Tis possess'd by a stranger,—'twas written in Heav'n.

FROM THE GERMAN.

TRIFLES.—SCHILLER.

THE FOUNTAIN OF YOUTH.

Trust me, it is no fable, the fountain of youth, 'tis in
being,—

Constantly flowing. Ask ye where? In the power of
song.

GOODNESS AND GREATNESS,

Only two virtues are, O would they were always
united!—

Always the good also great, always the great also
good!

THE KEY.

Would'st thou thyself judge correctly, observe then
how others are acting,

Others would'st thou understand, turn on thine own
heart a look.

THE DIFFICULT UNION.

Wherefore is it that Taste and Genius so seldom are
wedded?

That is fearful of power, this cannot yield to the
curb.

MORAL STRENGTH.

Finely to feel thou failest, still thine is a will ruled
by Reason ;
And as a Spirit, what as Man thou canst not, mayst
do.

TO THE MUSE.

What without thee, I might have been, that know I
not, but it grieves me
When I perceive what without thee too many become.

IDEM.

A MAXIM OF CONFUCIUS.—IDEM.

The foot of Time has manners three :
The future seems its coming to delay ;
With arrow speed the present hastes away ;
The past stands still, to all eternity.

No impatience wings supplies,
When he moves with tardy pace ;
Fear nor doubt, when swift he flies,
Can avail to check his race.
No regret a spell can prove
The stationary past to move.

Wise and happy wouldst thou close
Life's long journey in repose,
In action, of the lingering make
No tool, but counsel of it take ;
Choose not the fugitive, which soon must go,
For friend, nor make of that which stays thy foe.

IDEM.

THEKLA'S SONG FROM WALLENSTEIN.—IDEM.

The clouds are gath'ring, the oakwoods moan,
The maiden strays by the green shore lone ;
The billows are breaking with might, with might,
And she sings aloud in the darksome night,
Her tear-bedim'd eye sadly roving.

My heart is exhausted—the world is void,
No bliss is there that I have not enjoy'd :
Thou Holiest ! homewards thy child recall,
The joys of this earth—I have tasted them all.
I found them in living and loving.

IDEM.

MEETING OF BRUTUS & CÆSAR IN THE SHADES.

IDEM.

BRUTUS.

With joy I view ye, O ye peaceful plains,
 'The last of Romans,—take me to your breast!
 From Philippi, where howling slaughter reigns,
 I come with stealing steps, by grief oppress.
 My Cassius where art thou?—Lost, lost is Rome!
 Destroyed that host so brotherlike to me!
 'The realm of death my refuge and my home!
 The world to Brutus nothing now can be.

CÆSAR.

Whom see I yonder, by the rocky slope,
 With steps of an unconquered Hero come!
 Ha! if mine eyes are not deceived by hope,
 That is the bearing of a son of Rome.
 From whence didst thou depart O Tiber-son?
 Say, does the seven-hilled city still abide?
 Oft have I wept for that bereaved one,
 Who sees no more a Cæsar at her side.

BRUTUS.

Ha! thou transpierced with twenty wounds and three,
 Who called thee slain one to the light?
 Back to th' abyss of Orcus, shuddering flee!
 Proud Weeper! triumph not in my despite!

To freedom on the shrine of Philippi,
 Still reeks of the last sacrifice, the blood ;
 On Brutus' bier Rome lays her down to die ;
 Brutus to Minos goes,—creep to thy flood !

CÆSAR.

O 'twas a deadly thrust from Brutus' blade !
 Thou Brutus too—it was a wound too keen.
 Thy Father—Son, who thee his heir had made,
 And earth itself thy heritage had been.
 Go—among Romans greatest is thy name,
 Since in thy Father's breast thy weapon sank.
 Go—even at yon portals howl the same ;
 'Mong Romans Brutus bears the greatest name,
 Since in his Father's breast his weapon sank.
 Go—now thou knowest what on Lethe's strand,
 My stay doth yet command—
 Dark boatmen push thy bark from land !

BRUTUS.

Stay, Father !—'neath the sun's wide sovereignty,
 Of mortals I have known but one,
 Who might the equal of Great Cæsar be ;
 And he it was whom thou hast called thy Son.
 A Cæsar only Rome could overthrow,
 A Brutus only could not Cæsar bear ,
 Where Brutus lives, a Cæsar's blood must flow,—
 The left-ward path be thine,—the right my share.

IDEM.

THE GOODNATURED VISIT.—GELLERT.

A FABLE.

A fellow with an empty pate,

One, briefly, of the sort who use

To pass their time in gath'ring news,

Who, thinking never, always prate :

Who seem to take it for their rule

To treat the wise man as a fool ;—

Just such a Chatterbox, one day,

A visit to a Poet paid.

“ Oh what a stupid life !” he said,

“ Do you not fall asleep among your papers, pray ?

“ And so in utter solitude you stay,

“ Condemned a long while yet o'er books to pore ?

“ I thought so, and I therefore came so fast.”

“ I ne'er,” the Poet said, “ so lonely felt before,

“ As since the moment you the threshold past.”

IDEM.

PLEASURE.—GORTHE.

To watch yon insect changing,
About the streamlet ranging,
My pleasure long has been ;
Now dark, now brightly gleaming,
Chameleon like its hue.
Now red, now blue,
Now blue, now green.
Oh ! that I near might be
Each lovely hue to see !
It rests not, whirling in the air :
Now, now it settles on the tree.—
I have it, there—I have it, there !
And view its colour at my leisure.
A dusky blue !—So 'tis with thee
Oh thou anatomizer of thy pleasure !

IDEM.

THE BROTHERS.—IDEM.

Slumber and Sleep—two Brothers, for serving the
Deities, famous,
Came, by Prometheus invoked, comfort to bring to
his race:
But to Celestials so light, a burden too heavy for
mortals,
Slumber to us became Sleep,—Sleep was transform'd
into Death.

FINIS.

C.1

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